

THE
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

JANUARY, 1857.

REV JACOB YOUNG

BY E. THOMSON, D. D.

THE Rev. Jacob Young is an octogenarian, having completed his eightieth year last March. Although his eye is dim and his natural strength abated, his mind is still clear and active. He has retired, however, from the itinerant field, and is enjoying a green old age in the bosom of his family, employing his leisure in writing, by means of an amanuensis, his autobiography.

I have had the pleasure of reading the MS., so far as it is prepared, which reaches up to the conference of 1830, and I hesitate not to say that it is not surpassed in interest by any similar work that I have ever met with. It is a truthful life history of a great and good man; it bears the marks of sound judgment, honorable feeling, exquisite sensitiveness, and unaffected piety on all its pages; it describes not merely the outer life of its subject, but the inner—the march of a human soul through a long and eventful life—its joys and agonies, its hopes and fears, its advances and retrocessions, from the first outset up to the borders of the better land. It is solemn with the echoes of the past, and grand with the reflections of the present and the indices of the future. No man can read it without interest, for every one will find it, in so many particulars, true to his own experience. No man can read it without profit, for he will find it fraught with lessons of wisdom. It contains very faithful and often vivid pictures of scenes, society, and character, affording clear traces of the progress of the western country from a natural state up to a highly civilized one. The characters drawn are, for the most part, eminent either in Church or state. They appear to be drawn with great fidelity and impartiality. The author makes a hero of no one, but gives his own impressions and the incidents which make them. It is evident that he has his

friendships and dislikes, but he does not suffer them to prevent him from attempting faithful delineations. He makes no effort at fine writing, and has no favorite theories or designs to promote; indeed, his book gives you daguerreotype views of a western pilgrim's progress from boyhood up to old age. But I did not sit down to write either a eulogy of the author or a review of his book, but simply to notice the fact that such a work is preparing.

I send you a few extracts to show the character of the work, though we must caution you against forming an idea of the *interest* of the book from a few specimens; this would be like forming an idea of a house from a few broken bricks.

BIRTHPLACE.

"This was about twenty miles below Pittsburg, not very far from where Adam Poe had his famous conflict with the Indian chief Big Foot. The Indian war was raging with dreadful fury. The log-cabin in which I was born stood on the frontier. My uncle, Richard Young, built another about thirty yards distant from my father's. The Indians could come to our doors without passing the habitation of any white man. These houses were remarkably well secured; the shutters to the doors were made of strong white oak punchcons, made smooth, and put together with such skill that it was impossible for the Indians to force them. Between the logs of the cabin were small holes, called port-holes, through which we could project the muzzles of our guns. The ground was so well cleared between the houses that the Indians could not approach without being discovered, and if they made an attack on one door they could be shot at through the port-holes of the other. My father, being an excellent woodman and sharpshooter, relied upon his skill, activity, good gun, and faithful dog for the protection of his family. While I was in my cradle,

watched by my faithful mother and two little brothers, who were kept within doors for fear of the savages, my father and uncle were clearing ground to raise bread for their families. While one worked the other, with loaded gun and faithful dog, watched.

EARLY EXPERIENCES.

"I began to take great delight in walking through the fields and meadows with my two brothers. I used to spend hours in the delightful sylvan scenes. My youthful heart was always charmed by pleasant groves and singing birds. . . . The next year was a gloomy one. I was attacked with a bloody flux, which brought me very low. For many a weary night my father sat with me in his lap when I could not turn my head. This year appears like a blank in my life, as I remember scarcely any thing of it but the misery I suffered. I recovered slowly. Before I was entirely well I was seized with a confirmed asthma, which continued till my fifteenth year. Sometimes it was almost impossible for me to breathe: it was attended with a very severe cough, which brought on a bleeding at the nose. I often sat for hours while the blood was flowing, and fully expecting that I should bleed to death. . . . In consequence of my affliction I was not able to go to school. While my brothers were acquiring an education I was confined at home; but even at this early period I resolved that I would not live and die in ignorance. My father got me some books, and my mother became my preceptress. I studied faithfully under her instructions many a long day. The second book I read was the New Testament; while reading it God applied the word to my heart. Often did I leave my mother's presence lest she should see my flowing tears. I loved the Savior, and used to think that if I had lived in the days of his incarnation I would have followed him at the risk of life. These convictions continued for several years. When about ten years of age, one night, after the family were all asleep, I became greatly alarmed. Arising I sat for some time before the fire in distress of mind almost beyond endurance; but suddenly a change took place; my burden appeared to fall off; something whispered in my heart, 'Be of good comfort, thy sins are forgiven.' I then went to bed in great comfort, and for a number of months was a very happy boy.

"I opened my mind to no one, for this was a dark time in the Church, and I knew of no one to whom I could go for instruction. I continued to read the New Testament and repeat the Lord's prayer. But having no one to guide me, and

many to tempt and persecute me, I lost my way and plunged into the follies of the world."

After a thrilling account of his fall, his iniquity, and his emigration to Kentucky, intermingled with romantic descriptions of the ascent of the Ohio in stormy weather, and beset by Indians lurking on the banks; the wilderness of the west, and manners, and sufferings, and struggles of border life, he gives the following description of his restoration:

"About this time Methodist preachers came into the neighborhood, and I began to have serious thoughts again; but I had come to the conclusion that my day of grace was gone forever. Having spent five or six years since the Spirit of God seemed to have left me, and having sinned with a high hand and an outstretched arm, I thought I had traveled so far from God that I could never return. I therefore rested in this dark conclusion: 'I will make the best I can of a short life.' At this time, however, I became more circumspect, and instead of spending my Sabbaths as before described, I spent them in the house of God. . . . On one occasion I went to hear a Methodist* discourse. I thought it very feeble, and remarked to my companions on my way home that I could preach a better sermon myself—rashly concluding that all the evil reports I had heard about the Methodists were true, and I determined that I would pay no more attention to them; and as I received no benefit from the Seceders' meetings, I resolved to spend my Sabbaths at home reading the Bible and comparing it with the Confession of Faith. Finding that I could not harmonize the two, and having been taught that the former is the only and sufficient rule of faith, I began to cleave to that blessed book alone. My convictions increased slowly but steadily, till my feelings became intense; and at times hope sprang up in my heart that God would at last have mercy upon me. I opened my mind to my mother for the first time. She told me that I was under conviction, and that if I continued to seek the Lord he would be found of me. The Methodists were preaching at that time in a little log-cabin near where I lived. . . . Curiosity led me to go and hear the new divines. While the preacher in charge was making his first prayer I became satisfied that he was a man of God. During the sermon I saw things in a new light; my heart became tender, and I wept freely. I returned full of good desires, to endure, for a while, a fierce

* Mr. Young was brought up in the Seceder Church, which he attended at this time.

conflict between nature and grace, in which the latter gained a fearful but brief triumph. . . . On Sunday I went to hear the assistant preacher, and when the sermon was ended wept bitterly. In the evening I went again. The house was crowded. I sat upon a large chest near the preacher. An aged minister—Daniel Woodfield—preached, the circuit preacher exhorted, a glorious display of divine power followed, and the congregation melted into tears. They arose as if unconsciously, and began to fall upon the floor like trees before a whirlwind, till at length all were prostrate, some shouting for joy, some crying aloud for mercy. Becoming very uneasy, I changed my position. While I was standing a pious man approached me and said, 'Jacob Young, I suppose this appears to you to be enthusiasm.' I attempted to reply, but had lost the power of speech; my tears flowed freely, my knees became feeble, and I trembled like Belshazzar; finally my strength failed and I fell upon the floor. The great deep of my heart appeared to be broken up. My cry was, 'Woe is me, I am undone.' The preacher prayed with me for several hours, but this appeared to avail nothing. The meeting over, I went to bed with a heavy heart. The next morning was the time to try my moral courage, for I had to meet my parents. My father, who was an overbearing man, was violently opposed to the Methodists. I met with a cold reception at home, for all knew where I had been. This was a dark and dreadful day to my poor soul. I retired to the lonesome grove and sought the Lord with all my heart—wandering all through the day from tree to tree, chattering like the dove that has lost his mate, and crying like the crane in the desert. In the evening I returned to the house where I received my spiritual wounds. The lady, who was very pious and gifted, appeared very glad to see me. I took my seat by the fire and continued to weep. She asked me how I had spent the day. I could only say, 'If I could hear singing and praying it would afford me some relief.' Without ceremony she named a hymn and commenced singing. While they sang the first verse my physical powers gave way, and falling to the floor I lay prostrate for hours. I have no remembrance of what passed during that period, only that my mind was dark and distressed; toward midnight God in mercy lifted up the light of his countenance upon me, and I was translated from the kingdom of darkness into the kingdom of God's dear Son, and rejoiced with joy unspeakable and full of glory. After spending some time in delightful conversation I retired to spend a comfortable night. Next morning I

arose early, took a walk up a long lane, and, turning, stood upon a high eminence with my face toward the east. The morning was cold, clear, and beautiful; the sun arose in all his splendor; the heavens seemed unusually bright, and the earth arrayed in unwonted charms, reminding me of the 'new heavens and the new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness,' as described by St. John in the Apocalypse. This was the first day of my spiritual existence, and it was an intensely happy one."

A MATURE OPINION.

"When I first became pious, and concluded that Jesus had called me to preach, I had no thought of embarking in that great work till I had obtained a liberal education. It appeared as if Providence had put it into my power to obtain this at very little expense. Prindle's Academy was still anxious to receive me. Mr. Cameron was teaching a superior academy at Shelby, where I could receive instruction nearly gratis, under the care of a man who seemed to love me as a father. I was then a strong, active laboring man, and could do as much work as any youth in either of the counties. I could have met all my expenses, and in the course of five years become a scholar. But my presiding elder, my colleague, and many others advised me to go on with what knowledge and experience I had. I went, therefore, in the name of the Lord. I have been unfaithful to God in many things, yet, so far as the peculiar duties of a Methodist preacher are concerned, I have done my very best. I have made every other pursuit bend to this. I have sacrificed ease, worldly comfort, and the accommodation of my family, received but small temporal compensation, and sometimes lived in poverty. I have spent fifty-five years in the glorious work; and although I feel great reverence for the opinions of my early friends in the Methodist Church, yet I am constrained to say that my early convictions on this point were right. While I have been endeavoring to do the work of an evangelist and make full proof of my ministry, no human being but myself knows what I have suffered. If my embarrassments, anxieties, mortifications, and disappointments in carrying out my plans for doing good were written in a book, it would make a thick folio. I advise all Methodist preachers, presiding elders, and bishops, when they find a young man thirsting for knowledge, to let him pursue his own course and encourage him in it."

A NEW APPOINTMENT.

On one occasion, while Mr. Young was preparing to retire to bed at one of the stopping-places

of his circuit, he heard a man upon the porch inquiring for him, who had come to solicit preaching at his house. "I asked him how far off. He replied, 'Ten miles.' I responded, 'I will go to-night.' Mounting my horse, we were soon on the way. He was riding a small horse, and had a bag full of corn meal. We moved on slowly through a dense forest, he going before. I could just see his horse, the night was so dark. At a very late hour we arrived at a small log-cabin. While my host put away our horses I walked in and sat down—the family consisted of himself and wife and a negro boy. When he kindled a fire on the hearth the light shone brightly, and enabled me to take a survey of every thing within. I am sure the view would have scared any body but a backwoodsman. There was no floor in the house; the ground had been leveled off, though not very smoothly. Hickory poles had been laid across in place of joists, and some clapboards laid on these poles constituted the upper floor. There was neither bedstead, chair, nor table in the house. A few small stakes had been driven down in the west corner of the house; in the forks of these were two round poles, and across these poles clapboards were laid to constitute the sleeping-place for the man and wife—the little negro boy slept upon a deer-skin laid upon the ground floor. I saw no cupboard or other furniture, except a few bowls of very inferior quality. I felt melancholy as my mind reverted to the days of other years, when I was dwelling among my own people in ease and plenty. Here I was in a strange land, without friends or money. The squalid appearance of the house made an impression on my mind that I shall never forget. Surrounded by these gloomy circumstances, I had no friend to fly to but the Redeemer. I kneeled before him and he blessed me. I felt resigned and happy, and prepared to lay me down to sleep. I spread down for a bed a blanket that I kept under my saddle, took a stool for my pillow, making it soft by spreading over it my saddle-bags, used the blanket that I rode on for a sheet, covered myself with my overcoat, and closed my eyes, thanking God, and thinking how much better off I was than my Savior, who 'had not where to lay his head;' and how much happier than the rich on their beds of down amid the luxuries and elegances of life. After a comfortable night's rest I arose refreshed, and prepared for my day's labor. Breakfast was soon served on a board bench; it consisted of corn-bread and milk. We had no spoons. I had to bite and sup. When I turned up the bowl to drink a black ring appeared, from the sediment below. Retiring to the woods, I spent the fore-

noon in reading and prayer. Returning, I saw the cabin pretty well filled with men and women. Although it was late in November, many of them had neither hats nor bonnets on their heads, nor shoes on their feet."

In this congregation the celebrated robber of the west—Micajah Houp—had a brother, whom Mr. Young describes as a man of immense proportions and fierce looks. He was converted and joined the Church.

BISHOP M'KENDREE'S ELOQUENCE.

Mr. Young was proceeding to conference in 1807, in company with several companions, among whom was Bishop M'Kendree—then presiding elder of Nashville district. On their way they stopped at a camp meeting in what was then called the Green River country. Here "M'Kendree did the preaching, Abbot Goddard the exhorting; there appeared to be no room for any one else, except David Young—then in his best days—who was ready to mount the pulpit at a moment's warning, and with his clear, smooth, silvery voice charm and perfectly astonish the congregation. I had little to do but sing, pray, and comfort mourners. M'Kendree preached the closing sermon, producing the most intense excitement. When we were about to start, poor Goddard, having been attacked with bilious fever the night before, was unable to sit on his horse; we left him shouting in his tent. When it was ascertained that M'Kendree had departed, a considerable part of the congregation went in pursuit of him; overtaking him in the prairie, they fairly pulled him off his horse. He talked and cried, and they wept and shouted around him for an hour before they could part with him. We traveled far that afternoon, and in the evening put up at a friend's house. Hither the people of the vicinage gathered to hear M'Kendree preach. He was so tired that he could not stand. He, however, gave out a hymn, which the congregation sang, made a short prayer, and preached a brief sermon while seated in his chair, and then dismissed the delighted and impressed assembly with a benediction. The next day we pursued our journey."

BISHOP M'KENDREE'S REPARTEE.

"Our company was now reduced to three—M'Kendree, Patterson, and myself. The elder, dressed in homespun cotton cloth from head to foot, and having his ample brows concealed by a broad-brimmed white hat, rode before. Patterson and myself followed. The morning was pleasant; heaven smiled upon us as we went on

our way rejoicing. We had not traveled far before we were overtaken by a Unitarian clergyman, well dressed and well mounted. He made quite a pompous appearance as he rode by Patterson and myself to join himself to M'Kendree. He began conversation by asking, 'Are these gentlemen behind you clergymen?'

" 'Yes, sir.'

" 'To what denomination of Christians do they belong?'

" 'To the Methodists, sir.'

" 'Ah, I do not like the Methodists!'

"At this point he made a long speech in a very dogmatical spirit and manner, which M'Kendree did not in the least interrupt. I suppose the stranger concluded, from the plain dress of his companion, that he was some ordinary man; but he soon found to his mortification that he was sadly mistaken. 'And, first,' said M'Kendree, 'you say you do not like the Methodists; please, sir, tell me your objections.' The stranger began with the doctrines, but soon found himself swamped, and was glad to retreat. He then assailed the Discipline of the Church, which M'Kendree in a few words defended in a most masterly manner. He was now driven to his last resort.

" 'There are too many denominations dividing the Church and distracting the mind.'

" 'To which denomination do you belong, sir?'

" 'I don't belong to any of them.'

" 'It is a great pity, that, notwithstanding there are so many denominations, you are compelled to worship alone.'

" 'O, sir, we have formed ourselves into an association; we hold meetings and administer the sacrament.'

" 'So, then, although there are so many denominations, I perceive you have formed another.'

" 'Our plan is not to make proselytes.'

" 'You must, then, be the worst in the world, for bad as you represent all the rest to be, *they* can make proselytes.'

"The poor man looked as if he was sent for but could not go. M'Kendree gave him some fatherly advice, which he took kindly; but when we came to the forks of the road he bade us an affectionate farewell."

LORENZO DOW

At a camp meeting in the south, where the congregation was large, and, for the most part, fashionably and extravagantly dressed, the opening sermon was preached by brother Axley, who, in his discourse, declaimed very earnestly against superfluous ornaments, and the pride and vanity which occasioned them.

"In the congregation there was a Madam Turnbull, with a gay daughter. After service brother Axley perceiving, from her movements with her servants, that she was offended and about leaving the camp-ground, followed her to her carriage, made some apologies, and invited her to come back the next day. . . . Sabbath morning was clear and serene; our prayer meetings commenced at an early hour and were crowded with abundant blessings. Brother Axley preached the first sermon; the congregation was large and made a splendid appearance. Madam Turnbull, with her husband, was present according to promise. They were very orderly during service, till the preacher was about half through. Brother Axley was on his favorite theme, the pride and vainglory of the people of that territory, and, to use one of Bishop Asbury's phrases, 'God enabled him to speak strong words,' and he became truly eloquent. Suddenly Esquire Turnbull arose and told him to stop till he should speak a few words. I went to the disturber and authoritatively ordered him to take his seat, reminding him that the meeting was not appointed to hear him preach. With a low bow he said he was well aware of that, and sat down; but before I had regained the pulpit he was up again, crying at the top of his voice, 'Mr. Preacher, Mr. Preacher, stop and let me speak a few words!' I went to him again, and, pushing him off the seat, commanded him to be silent. As I looked toward the stand I saw that the preacher was crying, and the congregation in the utmost confusion. The Esquire was soon up again, screaming out, 'Esquire Lewis, Esquire Lewis, assist here to take this man out of the pulpit, he is insulting the congregation!' Lewis, however, paid no attention to him. The preacher stepped back and sat down weeping. Lorenzo Dow was lying in his tent sick; when he perceived that the congregation was beyond my control, he got up and came into the pulpit. After standing and looking over the congregation a few moments, he ordered them, in a resistless manner, to hush and take their seats. In less than five minutes they were all quiet, listening intently to him as he began to talk about the American Revolution. This led him to take a summary view of the British Colonies in North America, their first settlements, and their long prosperity. He then touched ingeniously on the relation between the colonies and the mother country. This led him to explain the origin, the struggles, and the consequences of that Revolution, which had rendered us the happiest people on the globe. Here he became animated as he enlarged upon our civil and religious liberty. He proceeded to re-

mark that when God confers great privileges upon a nation he holds her responsible for all she enjoys, and that when privileges are abused they are turned into the heaviest curses. He stated many facts to show that we were abusing the Divine favor. He repeated the Constitution of the United States, and pointed out a bright analogy between it and the sun. As the sun keeps every planet and satellite in its own orbit, so the Constitution keeps every state and territory in order and harmony. He described the duties and prerogatives of all officers, from the President down to the justice of the peace. He repeated the oath of office which binds each to support the Constitution of the United States, and of the state or territory in which each officer lives. Turning to the Methodist Church, he showed what it had done, and was doing for the United States. He depicted the lives, labors, sacrifices, civil obedience, and patriotic attachments of Methodist preachers, and concluded by saying that any man who would interrupt a Methodist preacher, in the discharge of his high office, was a mean, low-bred scoundrel; and that any magistrate that would do so was a perjured villain. Repeating the oath of office, he referred to the circumstances that had just transpired, and asked what were the prospects of the Mississippi territory while they kept perjured villains in office? The angry justice, instead of crying, 'Stop, Mr. Preacher,' sat with his head down, and as soon as Dow closed his remarks, took his family and left, saying, as he moved slowly along, 'I always was a fool.'

THE JERKS.

"In 1804 I first witnessed that strange exercise—the jerks—although I had heard much about it before. It took subjects from all denominations and all classes of society, even the wicked; but it prevailed chiefly among Presbyterians. I will give some instances:

"A Mr. Doke, a Presbyterian clergyman of high standing, having charge of a congregation in Jonesboro, was the first man of eminence in this region that came under its influence. Often it would seize him in the pulpit with so much severity, that a spectator might fear it would dislocate his neck and joints. He would laugh, stand, and halloo at the top of his voice, finally leap from the pulpit, and run to the woods, screaming like a madman. When the exercise was over, he would return to the Church calm and rational as ever. Sometimes at hotels this affection would visit persons, causing them, for example, in the very act of raising the glass to their lips, to jerk

and throw the liquor to the ceiling, much to the merriment of some and the alarm of others. I have often seen ladies take it at the breakfast-table: as they were pouring tea or coffee they would throw the contents toward the ceiling, and sometimes break the cup and saucer. Then hastening from the table, their long suits of braided hair hanging down their backs would crack like a whip. For a time the jerks was the topic of conversation—public and private—both in the Church and out. Various opinions were expressed concerning it, some ascribing it to the devil, others to an opposite source: some striving against it, others courting it as the power of God unto salvation. In many cases its consequences were disastrous, in some fatal.

"A preacher, who, in early life, was a dancing-master, joined the conference, and when the jerks were at their height was stationed on this circuit. He declared it was of the devil, and that he would preach it out of the Methodist Church. He commenced the work with great zeal and high expectations; but before he had got once round he took the jerks himself, or, rather, they took him. When the fit began he would say, 'Ah, yes! O, no!' At every jerk he used his hands and arms, as if he was playing the violin. One morning, being seized as he was going to his appointment, he let go the bridle and the horse ran off till he was stopped by a gate. The rider having dismounted in order to steady himself, laid hold of the palings of the fence, which, unfortunately, gave way; the lady of the house coming to the door to see what was the matter, heightened his mortification. Attempting to hide himself by running into the orchard, his strange movements, as he ran fiddling along, and the tail of his long gown flying in the wind, attracted the attention of the hounds, the whole pack of which pursued him with hideous yells. Being afraid of dogs, he turned and went into the house by the back door, and running up stairs jumped into a bed, where he lay till the fit was over. His proud heart would not submit, and the disease—as he termed it—growing worse and worse, he gave up the circuit and withdrew into retirement, where his sun went down under a cloud. Poor man, I loved him.

"Usually the subjects of this strange affection were happy when they had it, and happy when it passed off, and it did them no harm. The wise ones of the day, such as William McKendree and Thomas Wilkerson, said little about it, but preached, exhorted, and prayed as if it was not in the country.

"At the close of the year I attended a camp

meeting at Carter's station, where about ten thousand people were assembled. Here a controversy had been going on between Presbyterians and Methodists, the former saying, among other bitter things, that the latter were hypocrites, and could refrain from shouting if they would. They were the aristocracy, we the poor. On Monday morning I preached, preceded by the venerable Vanevelt, who left the congregation calmly and silently weeping. I arose—like most men who know nothing—fearing nothing, and undertook to account for the jerks. The preachers looked frightened, and the audience astonished. I viewed it as a judgment of God. Taking a compendious view of the nations, I showed that God was just as well as merciful, and his judgments, though long delayed, sure to come. I adverted to the wickedness of the people, enlarging on their *intolerance* and *bigotry*, charging that middle Tennessee had gone as far as any part of the United States in those particulars. I glanced at the rise of Methodism and the persecutions it had endured, and quoted the taunting language of its enemies, 'Ye are hypocrites, and can cease shouting if you will.' After a pause, I exclaimed at the top of my voice, 'Do you leave off jerking if you can.' It was estimated that instantly more than five hundred persons commenced jumping, shouting, and jerking. There was no more preaching that day."

FISK AND BASCOM AT THE GENERAL CONFERENCE
OF 1828.

"Speaking of appeals, the first was by brother Randall, from the New England conference, which had expelled him for heterodoxy. Many of the strongest men took a deep interest in it. N. Bangs and L. M. Coombs were holding caucuses daily in a room adjoining mine. Emory and Fisk seemed deeply concerned. I suspected some secret among them, and set about finding it out. As I knew Coombs was communicative, I began in a roundabout way to draw it out of him, and soon succeeded. It was this: Bishop Soule had published a sermon on 'The Perfect Law of Liberty,' which these eastern critics thought contained the same heterodoxy for which brother Randall had been expelled, and they sought to reach the former through the latter. I had been long aware that some of these great men disliked Bishop Soule, and feared that if they could they would displace him from the Episcopacy. In this case Dr. Fisk delivered one of the ablest speeches I ever heard, which consumed three hours, and was throughout a severe criticism on the Bishop's sermon. At its close Emory arose, and after stand-

ing awhile absorbed in thought, said, 'I do not know that the sermon contains heterodoxy—I do not know *but* it does.' Fearing mischief, I took the case to M'Kendree alone. Although he did not say there was any thing wrong in Bishop Soule's sermon, yet I think he did not altogether approve it. The decision of the New England conference was affirmed, 'I voting *alone* against it; for the masterly speech of Dr. Fisk did not convince me that the appellant was guilty. I could find the doctrines excepted to in Fletcher and Benson, save one point into which the appellant fell for want of proper clearness of expression. I felt satisfied that Dr. Fisk cared but little about the appeal, having a higher end in view, and so did Bishop Soule. As soon as it was disposed of, a committee was appointed to examine into the orthodoxy of Bishop Soule's sermon. During all this time the Bishop sat quietly in his chair, apparently possessing his soul in patience. The next morning I met brother Fisk, who, pleasant as the flowers of May, took me by the hand, and laughing said, 'I am sorry I could not convince you yesterday.' I responded, 'It is probable that you will be a bishop before long, and when you are tongue-tied in the chair, some sprightly youth may give you a dressing as you did the Bishop yesterday.' He laughed pleasantly, saying, 'If such a thing should happen, I give you my word I *will defend myself*.' The committee reported that they could not find heterodoxy in the sermon, and so the matter ended to the discomfiture of the prime movers.

"I say of the General conference as the ancient Athenian said of the Areopagus, 'It is the most righteous and merciful court in the world;' nevertheless, it is liable to err. On this occasion it crushed the good old man of small abilities and few friends, and saved the powerful Bishop, though in the same condemnation.

"The next appeal was that of Dennis B. Dorsey, who had been either expelled or suspended by the Baltimore conference, for inveighing against the Discipline and sowing discord by circulating the 'Mutual Rights.' Asa Shinn and John Emory appeared as his counsel—George Roszel as the representative of the conference. On the part of the appellant it was admitted that the fact charged was true; but it was denied that the periodical described, although it contained many things objectionable, was hostile to the Church. Roszel came well prepared to sustain the burden of proof. He had files of the Mutual Rights ready marked. Among other extracts he read a communication signed 'Vindex,' of which H. B. Bascom, who was seated right before him, was known to be the

author. On coming to a passage wherein Vindex scourges Roszel, styling him 'my Lord, Archbishop of Canterbury, who rides on the wings of the wind, directs the storm, and tithes bishops at his pleasure,' the speaker, after a full pause, said, 'Vindex is a low-bred man—nothing can supply the want of good breeding. You may take a low-bred man and make him a scholar, even an eloquent orator, but his low breeding will always appear through life. I once called to see a learned pig that could spell and do many wonderful things, so that I began to think it was a supernatural being, but after he got through he grunted.' At that moment Bascom sprang to his feet, left the house, took to his bed, and sent for a doctor. The next morning his physician, Dr. S., came to conference, and remarked rather playfully, Bascom is very sick, and if he dies I shall charge his death upon brother Roszel."

THE PSALMIST.

FROM THE GERMAN.

THE royal psalm-singer had just sung to his Deliverer one of his beautifullest hymns, and still the holy breath was stirring in his harp-strings as Satan stood up to tempt him—to incline his heart to pride on account of his goodly songs. "Hast thou, O Almighty," he said, "among all thy creatures one who can praise thee more sweetly than I?"

Then in through the open window, before which he had spread forth his hands, there flew a tiny grasshopper and settled on the hem of his robe, and began to raise its clear, shrill morning song. A multitude of grasshoppers assembled forthwith around. The nightingale came flying to join them, and in a little while all the nightingales were concerting with one another in the praise of the Creator.

And the ear of the king was opened, and he understood the song of the birds, the voice of the grasshoppers, and of all living, the murmur of the brooks, the rustling of the groves, the music of the morning star, the ravishing strain of the rising sun. It was the divine music of nature ascending to its God.

Lost in the high harmony of the voices which, unceasing and unwearied, praise the Creator, he was silent, and found that, with all his lofty minstrelsy, he must stand behind the grasshopper, which sat chirping on the hem of his garment. Humbly he seized his harp and sang, "Bless the Lord, all ye his works in all places of his dominions: bless the Lord, O my soul!"

THE SNOW-BIRDS.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

THE snow-flakes are falling;
All through the still night
We heard the light touch
Of the crystals so white;
They filled the dark hollows
Along the gray ledge,
And draped the green cypress
That bends o'er its edge.

Unheeding the cold wind,
The storm, and the spray,
The wild little snow-birds
Are blithely at play;
They pick the dry seeds
From the shrubs by the door,
And merrily chirp
While the win't'ry winds roar.

O, do they not miss
The thick shades of the grove?
Or is the bleak forest
The home that they love?
The wild rose and lily
Bend not to the breeze,
And the green leaves are gone
From the murmuring trees.

So happy they seem,
So careless and gay,
So free in their motions
And beautiful play;
They brighten the path
That I cheerlessly trod,
And teach me the wisdom
Of trusting in God.

THE OLDEN HOME

BY SOPHIA T. GRIEWOLD.

I DREAM again in the olden home,
Where the echoes never die;
Of the gentle tone, and the light laugh thrown
On the breeze of the years gone by.
They come not now with the joyous brow,
And the glad returning tread;
But the white stone tells where the loved one dwells
In the halls of the sheeted dead.

There are joyous sounds in the olden home,
And the laugh of childish glee,
While haunting thoughts to the full heart come
Till it heaves like the moaning sea;
Till it turns away to the church-yard clay,
Where the solemn pines are sighing;
Where the long grass waves o'er the place of graves,
Is the broken household lying.

They have passed away from the olden home,
Like a dream of light and love;
That fair young band of the clasping hand,
Are one in a home above;
And the song may thrill till the heart is chill
With a wild and nameless yearning;
To the early bloom of the olden home—
To the past—to dust returning.

CHARMS.

GENTLE reader, there are such things as charms. Scarce any one nowadays believes in charms; but the writer of these few lines, a staid and sober man, firmly believes in their existence, and so perhaps will you, when you have read what he has to say.

In a certain village, which for our present purpose we shall call Cranthorp, there was an old house which, by common consent, had for many years been set down as haunted. It had a spacious garden, but no one cultivated it, and rank nettles and weeds occupied the place of the flowers and vegetables of former days; it had handsome rooms, but no footstep passed through them, and thick upon the windows and the walls lay the crusted dust; no one would have any thing to do with the place, and it would have caused general rejoicing through the town if "The Hermitage" had been pulled down and the garden plowed up. There were few more superstitious places in England than Cranthorp, and perhaps the existence of this old house, in the midst of the town, helped in no small degree to keep its superstitions up. For years "The Hermitage" stood unoccupied, but at length the day arrived when it was to find a tenant.

The early spring was just beginning to dress the hedge-rows in its tender green, and the chill had not quite passed from the April breeze, when there came to "The Spaniard" the best inn in Cranthorp, a little old man, who soon excited the curiosity of the whole town. In figure the stranger was naturally short, and looked still more so from a considerable stoop; he walked leaning somewhat heavily on a gold-headed stick, and his white hair fell down upon his coat, looking almost like driven snow. The stranger's luggage was inscribed with the name of "Ambrose," and all that the most diligent and persevering inquiry could make out about him was, that he had traveled post from London. There was no lack of trunks; there was no hesitation in paying his bill weekly; and so the host at "The Spaniard" was pleased enough with his guest. But in about a month he looked upon him with very different eyes: the stranger had been seen prowling about "The Hermitage," and from that day forth he was eyed with suspicion. Whether this suspicion would have been disarmed or not in a little time, by the stranger's general good behavior, we can not tell; for in the course of a few days he was guilty of an act which made the landlord of "The Spaniard" wish to get rid of him as quickly as he could.

The stranger purchased "The Hermitage!" Yes, knowingly and deliberately he went into the mansion by himself, for no one would go with him. He inspected the rooms; he even made his way up to the roof; he looked out through the dusty windows upon the panic-stricken inhabitants of the place, who had stopped on seeing a stranger enter the dreaded spot; he had bored into the soil of the garden with his gold-headed cane; all these things he had done, and if the gossip of the place were believed, he had gathered herbs in the garden for making charms; and he had paid for the premises with gold, which some fine morning would be found to be no more than withered leaves.

All Cranthorp was disturbed; the only one that was unmoved was Mr. Ambrose himself, who looked just as benevolent and human after he had purchased "The Hermitage" as before. Space would fail if we were to attempt to chronicle the strange conduct of the Cranthorp people toward the now most mysterious stranger. The chambermaid and boots peeped through his key-hole at two o'clock in the morning, to see whether he were in his bed like an ordinary man, or performing incantations in the middle of the floor; little boys tumbled over each other in their haste to run out of his way when he appeared abroad; if he made a purchase, his money was looked upon with a suspicious eye, so that two or three times he asked if it were bad—all which would have been very unpleasant to most persons; but the gentleman pitied the ignorance of the people, and was content to wait, and live down their prejudices.

In course of time the mysterious stranger transferred his residence from "The Spaniard" to "The Hermitage," and several wagon-loads of furniture and books, together with an old woman, apparently a housekeeper, arrived from the metropolis. Now, if ever, there was a favorable opportunity of finding out exactly where the stranger had lived; but greatly to the discomfiture of the Cranthorp public, all that the wagoners knew was, that they had fetched the luggage from a gloomy-looking street, the name of which they could not remember. It was unfortunate for Dr. Ambrose that his housekeeper should have that close union of nose and chin which from time immemorial has been a leading feature in the physiognomy of a witch; and it was further unfortunate that the bystanders caught sight of several complicated brass instruments as they were being unpacked. Now at least there could be no mistake; these were the instruments of his diabolical art; the old woman was a witch, in union with him in his

incantations and charms; and the black dog, that was tied to the last wagon, and now fondly licked his master's hand, was none other than the stranger's familiar spirit.

For a considerable time Dr. Ambrose's house was closely watched. If a light were seen glimmering through any of the windows late at night, it was duly commented on the following day; if the black dog were seen smelling for a rat amid the weeds of the garden, it was reported that the familiar spirit was searching for the herbs required by its master in his nightly incantations; the only thing that at all shook the popular belief about the stranger was the fact that every Sabbath day he was seen in his place in church.

Weeks rolled on, and the white-haired old man became aware of the light in which he was looked upon. He would not perhaps from choice have wished to be such a terror to his neighbors, or to be so completely isolated from them; but he continued quietly and cheerfully to pursue his own course, trusting to time to disabuse the inhabitants of Cranthorp of their silly thoughts.

As far as outward things were concerned, people were obliged to confess that there was nothing amiss; "The Hermitage" no longer looked the haunted place it appeared before; the garden was now filled with wholesome vegetables and handsome flowers; the Doctor's name figured for a very handsome sum in the charities of the neighborhood; and he had never been detected in any overt act which could be considered a tampering with the evil one.

Thus matters stood when a very gay wedding took place in Cranthorp. The bride was the only daughter of a wealthy farmer, and the bridegroom was the son of a widow lady who resided in the town. Both were "only children;" and, as is too frequently the case, both had been indulged; so they would therefore acknowledge few contradictions to their will. When these young people were engaged to be married, they seemed to have every thing that the heart of man could desire to make them happy; they were young and healthy, and rich and accomplished, and many were the enviers of their lot. In due time the wedding took place. The children of the Cranthorp school strewed flowers in their path, the church bells rang out their merriest peals, and all went off as the most sanguine could have hoped.

There was only one drawback—the wizard, the witch, and the familiar spirit, were all at the wedding. Dr. Ambrose had not seen a country wedding for many years, while his housekeeper had never seen one at all. They were detected lurking in a back pew of the church, and the

black dog ran across the church-yard as the wedding party went out. All who knew of the presence of these unlucky beings shook their heads and said, "Wait awhile, we'll see!"

The honeymoon passed away, and a newly-furnished house in Cranthorp received the bride and bridegroom on their return. Visits were exchanged, parties were given, and the whole place was kept quite alive for two or three months; at the end of that time, however, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Packton, for so they were called, became commonplace. In a few months more it began to be whispered about that the young couple were not as happy as might be wished, and Mrs. Packton became seriously ill. These unfortunate circumstances, of course, formed the staple of the little town's gossip for a considerable time, and at last it began to be commonly said, that nothing else could have been expected; people did not always mention names, but they said to each other: "You remember *who* was at the wedding." "You remember *what* crossed the church-yard."

These sayings of the Cranthorp people were not lost upon Mrs. Besom, young Mrs. Packton's godmother, and she determined, if possible, to get rid of the spell under which her godchild was placed. Mrs. Besom was herself a believer in witches and charms; and if by any means the spell which cursed the life of her godchild could be broken, such means must not be left untried.

The first grand point was, of course, to ascertain what her godchild's trouble was; but upon this the latter was entirely silent, and no persuasion could induce her to speak upon the subject. This fairly puzzled Mrs. Besom, and after many vain attempts to discover the canker of her godchild's life, she took the desperate resolution of calling upon the wizard himself, and offering him any sum he might name for exorcising his victim.

Mrs. Besom was not the woman to go to sleep over a determination when it was once formed; a very short time, therefore, was allowed to intervene, between her making this resolution and putting it in force; and one summer day, at noon, she knocked at the door of "The Hermitage." Noon was the hour Mrs. Besom chose, because she held that each hour from that to midnight the wizard's energies became stronger and stronger for all purposes of evil, and at that particular time his influences for good, if he wished to exercise them, had most power.

Seated in a large high-backed chair in the dreaded Hermitage, Mrs. Besom first requested that the black dog might be sent out of the room; and having thus, as she thought, by a master-stroke, deprived the enemy of a chief ally, she

opened fire on Dr. Ambrose; and coming to the point at once, taxed him with having bewitched her godchild. "No! no! do not deny it," said the lady, as she heard the commencement of Dr. Ambrose's denial; "it is well known that you are at the bottom of it all, and you have succeeded only too well. Money is no object," said Mrs. Besom, drawing a pocket-book from its hiding-place; "undo what you have done, and you can have what you will."

Many were the protests which the white-haired old man made against being supposed to have the power of enchanting or of disenchanting; but Mrs. Besom would not leave till he had solemnly promised to do what he could for her godchild. What he could! Yes, this promise was quite enough; "for assuredly," said she to herself, "he has the power." The next thing to be done was to get the enchanted woman into the sorcerer's presence; for Dr. Ambrose had declared that under no circumstances could he do any thing for her unless he saw her, and had an opportunity of putting some questions to her.

The difficulty was to induce Mrs. Packton to go to "The Hermitage," and perhaps she might never have gone, had it not been that her god-mother, Mrs. Besom, now for the first time revealed to her the fact of the wizard and witch's presence at her wedding, and the still more solemn one, that the familiar spirit, in the form of the black dog, had been close at hand! So weakened was the young woman from illness, that all this took strong hold of her imagination, and at last she attributed all her sufferings to Dr. Ambrose and his wicked associates; and as a desperate remedy must be applied for a desperate disease, she consented to put herself in the hands of the much-dreaded man.

Meanwhile, the Doctor was sorely perplexed. He had given up practice, and sought for complete retirement in "The Hermitage;" and whether he wished or no, he found himself not only thought to be a wizard, but compelled to act as one. True, he had possessed no small skill in coping with the diseases of the body, and had met with success in some difficult mental cases also. If Mrs. Packton's case fell within the range of ordinary instrumentality, he was prepared to do what he could; but powers of sorcery he knew he did not possess. Dr. Ambrose had not been for many years an observer of life in vain, and he hoped, should Mrs. Packton ever really appear, to be able to discover whether there were any causes except physical ones, that brought her to her present state.

A month passed away, during which time Mrs.

Besom had been hard at work on the possessed woman every day; and at length, one day at noon, the source of all her anxiety presented herself before Dr. Ambrose at "The Hermitage." The kind-hearted old man was very much shocked at the appearance she presented; she seemed quite a different being from the young and handsome bride he had seen but a little while before. He begged her to be seated, and seeing how exhausted she was, offered her a glass of wine, and something to eat; but she would neither eat nor drink in his house; how did she know what might be in the cup or dish? A searching glance into his visitor's face soon showed the Doctor what was the true source of her trouble; the body might be affected; indeed, more or less it must be so; but there were lines in that face which were never traced by bodily suffering or disease. The Doctor believed that he had found a clew to the complaint.

"You are not happy," said the wizard.

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Packton, "who told you so?"

"I have ways of knowing; you are not happy."

"No, I am not."

"And yet you ought to be; you have all that heart could wish."

"Not all."

"Why, you are young, and rich, and have married the one you loved; what more of this world's things can you desire?"

A half-suppressed sigh from the enchanted woman, as the Doctor uttered the last few words, confirmed his convictions that all was not right in Mrs. Packton's domestic life. He knew that she was an only child, and that, therefore, in all human probability, she had been spoiled, been used to her own way, and not been subject to that self-discipline which is so essential to happiness. He was also aware that her husband was an only child also, and he had pretty nearly the same thoughts about him. "Selfishness," thought he, "is at the root of all this evil—a want of self-control—a want of moral principle. If I am to disenchant her, I must get out the demon of self."

"Young lady," said Dr. Ambrose, "I can give you some directions which will in all probability accomplish what you desire the most, and restore you to your accustomed health and happiness again. Two things only must you promise me. First, you must never use what I give you without first offering a mental prayer to God to bless you in the use of it; secondly, you must promise me, whether it succeed at first or not, to continue the use of it for two months; and I may further add, that the strictest secrecy must be preserved,

If you are willing to agree to these conditions, I am willing to do for you whatever lies in my power."

It seemed very strange to Mary Packton that the wizard should have said any thing about prayer to God; but she could not feel otherwise than pleased, for it was a kind of guarantee that the prescriptions of the enchanter could not be so desperately bad; so she agreed to the stipulations he had proposed.

Dr. Ambrose hereupon left the room, having intimated that he would be absent about half an hour. Half an hour was not long for a wizard to prepare such a powerful charm as the present case required; so Mary Packton sat patiently in the arm-chair. Once or twice she was disturbed and frightened by the appearance of the black dog on the window-sill; but her own thoughts occupied her so much, that many imaginary fears were kept away. Yes, Mary Packton had many a bitter thought to occupy her mind. All her young dreams of wedded happiness had vanished; the man to whom she had bound herself for life, had disappointed her, and was utterly changed from what he had been during their courtship and the first few weeks of their wedded life, and henceforth there remained for her nothing but years of anguish and distress. That would be a precious charm indeed which could restore her husband's love, and make him any thing like what he had been before.

While Mary Packton was absorbed in these reflections, the door opened, and Dr. Ambrose made his appearance. He had in his hands a small box, which was carefully papered up, and a letter, which contained the spell that was to operate with such wonderful effects. Putting them into his visitor's hands, he told her she would find full directions for their use when she arrived at home, and opened both the paper and the box.

"Remember the conditions," said the Doctor. "Come again this day two months, if we are both alive. Farewell!" and before Mary Packton could thank him, or make any observation, he had left the room.

That evening Henry Packton was going out to see his mother, and so his wife determined to take advantage of the opportunity to examine the paper and the box. Had they come to her under any ordinary circumstances, she would have opened them on her way home; but she was half frightened, and was rather glad to defer it for a while.

Evening came, and Henry Packton went out; and now for the opening of the charm! With trembling hands the young wife broke the large seal, and unfolded the long sheet of paper, which

contained several lines of what appeared the most perfect nonsense. Over these she pored for a considerable time, and, from the disposition of the letters, she could not but think that they formed words, if only she could read them; but who was to supply the key? Then she opened the box, which was filled with diamond-shaped lozenges, and which contained also a slip of paper, which, to her great delight, was the key to the characters she had just been puzzling over in vain. It contained an alphabet, in two rows, and the directions simply were: "Substitute the bottom for the top, and, where there is an italic, the top for the bottom!" This she at once proceeded to do, and the following combination of letters produced the following result:

"Consider whether the blame which thou wouldest lay upon another, be not, to a great degree, chargeable upon thyself.

"Remember that others are imperfect, as well as thou.

"Consult another's happiness before thine own.

"Utter no word of unkindness; answer none.

"Give double love for double hate.

"Spend thy strength for God."

Had such good advice as this come to Mary Packton in more common guise, like many another she might have rejected it; but she had promised the reputed wizard faithfully to abide by his directions, and she felt herself under an obligation to do so, whether she would or no. It was long before Henry Packton came home, and she had ample time to think over the lines which lay before her; and that thought was not without its good effects. As she pondered over the first sentence, and faithfully examined her past wedded life, she found that, short as it had been, she had been sadly deficient in the duties of a wife; that she had been selfish and petulant and uneven in her temper; and her conscience told her that much of the misery she had endured was to be laid upon herself.

Then she passed on to the second, and she could not but own that she had foolishly expected perfection in her husband; that she thought he ought to bear with all her tempers, while she was not to bear any thing on her part; that, in point of fact, while claiming every allowance for herself, she was not willing to make any for him.

Then came the third head. What had Mary Packton been? Selfish, pre-eminently selfish. What did she give up for her husband? when did she put his wishes before her own? Alas! alas! the more the young wife thought, the more did she feel condemned—the more did she realize that she had only to thank herself for much she

had endured. Nor was she guiltless on the fourth point either; she had often spoken to her husband most improperly, and had taunted him with not loving her, whenever he had denied her slightest wish.

"Give double love for double hate." What had she given? Ten hard words for every one that he had given her.

And as to the last sentence of Dr. Ambrose's list, how had she spent her time and strength? No doubt she had done a few stitches of needlework, and played a few of her favorite airs, and painted some little water-color sketches; but what else, except a few novels read, had she to show for her time? Nothing, absolutely nothing. As soon as her honeymoon was over, she was without a motive in life.

For two long months did Mary Packton battle with herself, and earnestly seek for higher strength than her own. Honestly and continuously did she endeavor to work out all the precepts she had received; and though at times she failed, still she recovered her ground again, and tried more earnestly than before. And wonderfully did the Doctor's charm act. When Henry Packton found that his wife did not scold him on every opportunity, but made allowances for him, and was gentle toward him, he kept from many a thing which he knew she did not like. In many instances he perceived that his wife had evidently laid her own wishes aside, and cared for his; and to her great delight she found that he began in some degree to do the same. Most of the unkind words which had been heard in the young people's house, had commenced with the mistress of it; but now they were kept back, and so quarrels were not begun; and when any came first from the husband, they were not answered, and so they ended soon. If Henry grieved her, Mary Packton, according to the directions of her charm, made fresh efforts to please him, although it cost her a sore struggle to keep down the old spirit of revenge. And lastly, according to her instructions from the Doctor, she occupied herself a good part of every day in some act of benevolence, either among her poor neighbors or at home. Thus passed the two months; and by the end of that time the charm had begun to work on Henry Packton as well as on his wife; cheerfulness once more came back to their dwelling, and it almost seemed as though the honeymoon had commenced afresh.

Space would fail us if we were to try to chronicle all the young wife's struggles, all her failures, and the minute particulars in which she had to work out the Doctor's charm. Suffice it to say, she succeeded at the last; and at the end of the

two months reappeared before the Doctor with a very different face from that which she had when she came to consult him first.

"My dear young lady," said Dr. Ambrose, "do not thank me, but thank the One who has given you strength to fulfill Scriptural precepts, and who has vouchsafed a blessing on your efforts. Considering how much both you and your husband, as only children, had been indulged, and knowing as much of human nature as I do, you need not be surprised that I guessed, with tolerable accuracy, the source of your trouble. One only reward I ask, and that is, that you will disabuse my worthy neighbors of the idea that I deal in witchcraft. I should like to live among them, and do them good in those diseases, in the treatment of which I have passed my life; but I have no access to them, owing to the absurd notions which I find they entertain of me, of my housekeeper, and even of my poor dog."

"But tell me before I go," said Mary Packton, "what was the use of those diamond-shaped lozenges, which seemed certainly to have a wonderful effect?"

"When Athenadorus, the philosopher, went to take his leave of Augustus Cæsar, he left him this rule: 'O Cæsar, remember that when thou art angry, thou neither speakest nor doest aught till thou hast repeated over distinctly the Greek alphabet.' I took a hint," said Dr. Ambrose, "from him, and gave you those lozenges, with directions to let one melt in your mouth before you answered, when you were angry, to give you time for reflection, and for your passion to cool down. There is no harm, I hope, in such natural magic as that."

Gentle reader! if you will do as Mary Packton did, you may gain happiness for yourself, and diffuse it to others. If you will seek strength from above, as she did, however difficult the task of controlling self, you will succeed. Such charms as she used, it is almost impossible to resist.—*London Leisure Hour.*

THE TRUE GENTLEMAN.

No man is a gentleman, who, without provocation, would treat with incivility the humblest of his species. It is a vulgarity for which no accomplishments and no attainments nor dress can ever atone. Show me the man who desires to make every one happy around him, and whose greatest solicitude is never to give just offense to any one, and I will show you a gentleman by nature and practice, although he may never have worn a suit of broadcloth, nor ever heard of a lexicon.

ELEGIAC POETRY.

BY T. M. GRIFFITH.

ONE of the most prominent features of poetry is its power of moving the affections. *Prose* appeals to the understanding, to the reason, as well as the sensibilities; its scope is more general. Poetry generally has its principal charm in the power of influencing the heart. Poets have ever succeeded best, as they have most directly kept within this province of their mission. Homer wrote not to convince the judgment, nor to delight the fancy; there was an irresistible impulse that guided his pen of fire. We believe his opening invocation was sincere—

"Achilles' wrath, to Greece the direful spring
Of woes unnumber'd, heavenly goddess sing!"

Our household poets—Cowper, Burns, Moore, Young, etc.—are admired because of the deep *feeling* that pervades their poetry. The old Greek poets, and the earlier of the British poets, excel in the use of tragedy—in this the deep feelings of the soul are stirred to the utmost; and poetry assumes its most powerful, though less pleasing aspect. The elegy combines simplicity and pathos. The term has always been confined to a tender or mournful class of poetry. The most admired, and altogether the most complete poem of the English language, is of this class—Gray's *Elegy* will ever be pointed to as a masterpiece. And yet there is not to be found the deep feeling of tragedy, nor the flow of imagination, nor any highly-wrought pictures of the fancy in these immortal stanzas; their charm is in their simple pathos, so perfectly brought out in every line, as in the following:

"Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed."

Cowper's life was one of mournful interest. How amiable was his character; how confiding his friendship; how gentle his conduct! And yet what a settled melancholy attended his fate! That refined sensibility, so conspicuous in all his writings, has made him a universal favorite. His "Address to his Mother's Picture," is a perfect model of its kind. The following passage, which the reader has probably more than once read before, possesses the true qualities of elegiac poetry to a greater extent than the above:

"My mother! when I learnt that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
Hover'd thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
A wretch e'en then life's journey just begun?
Perhaps thou gavest me, though unfelt, a kiss;
Perhaps a tear, if saints can weep in bliss.
Ah! that maternal smile, it answers yes.
I heard the bell toll'd on thy burial day;
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away;
And, turning from my nursery window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!"

Some of the richest poetry of our language has been drawn almost from the heart's-blood of those devoted sons of song, who, in wretchedness extreme, yet gave delight to thousands. This was the case with Cowper. To Milton's blindness we owe that sad lament—

"Thus with the year
Seasons return; but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,"

and, perhaps, even the grand conception of "Paradise Lost." Bruce, from the depths of extreme poverty, and overcome by wasting disease, produced those inimitable "stanzas," every line of which expresses a deep and overpowering melancholy:

"Now spring returns; but not to me returns
The vernal joys my better years have known;
Dim in my breast life's dying taper burns,
And all the joys of life with health are flown.

Starting and shivering in th' inconstant wind,
Meager and pale, the ghost of what I was;
Beneath some blasted tree I lie reclined,
And count the silent moments as they pass—

The winged moments, whose unstaying speed
No art can stop, or in their course arrest;
Whose flight shall shortly count me with the dead,
And lay me down in peace with them to rest.

Oft morning dreams presage approaching fate;
And morning dreams, as poets tell, are true;
Led by pale ghosts, I enter death's dark gate,
And bid the realms of light and life adieu.

I hear the helpless wail, the shriek of woe;
I see the muddy wave, the dreary shore;
The sluggish streams that slowly creep below,
Which mortals visit and return no more.

Farewell, ye blooming fields! ye cheerful plains!
Enough for me the church-yard's lonely mound,
Where melancholy with still silence reigns,
And the rank grass waves o'er the cheerless ground.

There let me wander at the shut of eve,
When sleep sits dewy on the laborer's eyes;
The world and all its busy follies leave,
And talk with Wisdom where my Daphnis lies.

There let me sleep forgotten in the clay,
When death shall shut these weary, aching eyes;
Rest in the hopes of an eternal day,
Till the long night is gone, and the last morn arise."

That deepest of all English poems—Young's

"Night Thoughts"—is the result of a threefold bereavement:

"Thrice flew his shaft, and thrice my peace was wounded,
And thrice, ere thrice yon moon had filled her hour."

While we listen to the strains of the sorrow-stricken bard, and follow his contemplations through the measures of his sad "Complaint," we can scarcely regret the misfortune that gave such a production to the world.

While there are very few whose writings are all limited to the department of elegiac poetry, choice specimens are found from nearly all our popular poets; and these in many instances are their most admired pieces. What has Burns written more beautiful than "The Banks o' Doon?"

"Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair;
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
While I'm sae weary, fu' o' care!"

Even Hood, perhaps the greatest of English humorists, owes his highest popularity as a poet, to those affecting verses on childhood:

"I remember, I remember,
The house where I was born;
The little window where the sun came peeping in at morn;
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day;
But now I often wish the night had borne my breath away."

American poetry is yet in its infancy; hitherto our poets have chiefly found their inspiration from the works of nature, and their productions have been too much confined to the description of American scenery. Bryant's "Thanatopsis" may, perhaps, be classed under elegiac poetry; one of his sonnets is worthy to be placed beside those of Bowles and Wordsworth:

"Ay, thou art for the grave; thy glances shine
Too brightly to shine long; another spring
Shall deck her for men's eyes—but not for thine—
Sealed in a sleep which knows no waking.
The fields for thee have no medicinal leaf,
And the vexed ore no mineral of power;
And they who love thee wait in anxious grief,
Till the slow plague shall bring the fatal hour.
Glide softly to thy rest, then. Death should come
Gently to one of gentle mold like thee,
As light winds, wandering through groves of bloom,
Detach the delicate blossom from the tree.
Close thy sweet eyes calmly, and without pain;
And we will trust in God to see thee yet again."

Charles Sprague is eminently the poet of the affections. His style is similar to that of Wolfe; and, like the latter, his reputation will rest chiefly upon his elegies. His lines on the death of his sister are so touching and beautiful that we give

them entire, as one of the best specimens of American elegiac poetry:

"I see thee still;
Remembrance, faithful to her trust,
Calls thee in beauty from the dust;
Thou comest in the morning light,
Thou'rt not with me through the gloomy night;
In dreams I meet thee as of old;
Then thy soft arms my neck infold,
And thy sweet voice is in my ear;
In every scene to memory dear,
I see thee still.

I see thee still,
In every hallowed token round;
This little ring thy finger bound,
This lock of hair thy forehead shaded,
This silken chain by thee was braided,
These flowers, all withered now, like thee,
Sweet SISTER, thou didst cull for me;
This book was thine; here didst thou read;
This picture—ah! yes, here indeed
I see thee still!

I see thee still;
Here was thy summer noon's retreat;
Here was thy favorite fireside seat;
This was thy chamber; here each day
I sat and watched thy sad decay;
Here on this bed thou last didst lie;
Here on this pillow thou didst die.
Dark hour! once more its woes unfold;
As then I saw thee pale and cold,
I see thee still.

I see thee still;
Thou art not in the grave confined—
Death can not claim the immortal mind;
Let earth close o'er its sacred trust,
But goodness dies not in the dust;
Then, O my SISTER! 'tis not thee
Beneath the coffin's lid I see;
Thou to a fairer land art gone;
Then, let me hope, my journey done,
To see thee still.

FUNERAL OBSEQUIES OF A LOST SOUL

WHAT, were it right to conceive such a thought, would be the funeral obsequies of a lost soul? Would myriads of angels, following it with bowed heads and folded wings, be a procession equal to the occasion? Would the muffled thunder of the skies, and the wild wail of universal nature, be a dirge expressive enough of the terrible disaster—meet music for this dead march? Were every star to become a funeral torch, and every tree to be covered with crape, and the whole earth clad in sackcloth, and creation, that has so long travailed in pain, to utter her grief in one loud groan, it would not be a scene sufficiently expressive of that loss of losses—that unspeakable wreck—that death of deaths—a lost soul!

THE CHAIN OF SACRED PROPHECY.

THERE stretches through the word of God one continuous chain of prophecy, the first link in Paradise and the last link in heaven. It reaches from man fallen in Eden to man restored and perfected at the right hand of God; and such is the clearness of the predictions on the one hand, and such on the other the exactitude of their fulfillment in all instances where the fulfillment is consummated, that it may be truly said that prophecy is history anticipated, and history is prophecy fulfilled. This coincidence has been happily compared to the taches and loops in the tabernacle of witness, which exactly corresponded each to the other; and so there stretches along through all generations a series of predictive taches, which in succession, as events hasten on, receive one by one their loops of fulfillment, and shall continue to receive them, till at last all the loops shall have been attached to their taches, and then it shall be seen that not a single tache lacked its corresponding loop.

In relation to the accomplishment of prophecy we may be said to have the advantage of the primitive saints, while in relation to the miracles they had in some sort the advantage of us. If they, as eye-witnesses of the miracles, must have felt them to be more impressive than we at this distance can easily do, yet we have a large amount of prophecy fulfilled or fulfilling which to them was all future. The glory of the prophetic Scriptures is an ever-accumulating glory; the evidence they furnish gathers strength from year to year and from century to century; their accomplishment presents a continuous miracle, one always appealing to our senses as well as to our understandings.

Unbelievers ask for a sign, something which they can behold. We bid them look into the prophetic page, and then look into the world around them, and, lo! there are signs on every hand. Can you turn to Edom, and see no miracle there? Can you contemplate Babylon, and discern no miracle there? Can you gaze on Nineveh, and discover no signs and wonders there? Go to the British Museum and ponder the gigantic relics of Nineveh which have been disinterred from their mighty sepulcher and brought to light in these latter days to confound the skeptic and confute the gainsayer. Go to the wilderness of Sinai and study the mystic inscriptions written with a pen of iron and graven on the stupendous tablets of the rocks—inscriptions, we have little doubt, rich in memorials of the wanderings of Israel in the desert, and of the prodigies wrought

for them in their deliverance out of the house of bondage. Or, bend your steps to Tyre and mark the naked rock where the fisherman spreads his net, and from which the very earth is scraped away. Or, betake yourselves to Syria, to Palestine, and, lo! miracles meet you at every step.

Nay, tarry at home, and note the Jew that passes your door and looks imploringly in your face; observe that strange, mysterious man, with his distinctive features, his antique aspect, his individuality of character and peculiarity of mien, all bespeaking him of remotest lineage and portentous history. Consider that people scattered over the whole earth like oil flung abroad upon the face of the ocean, every-where diffused but no where blended; clearly distinguishable however intermingled; "peeled," persecuted, and trodden under foot, yet ready to stand forth a mighty nation disentangled from all other kindreds so soon as the voice shall be heard that will summon them to their own desolate land and bid Jerusalem shake herself from the dust and put on her beautiful garments, lay aside the weeds of her widowhood and clothe herself in bridal attire, enlarge her lap and expand her bosom to receive the multitude of her returning children, while she exclaims, in the amazement of her heart, "These, where have they been?" God has kept them for their land and their land for them. The man who can walk amid the desolations of Judea, or gaze on the outcasts of Israel, and then doubt whether the books that foretold all this were written by the God that performed all this—would not "be persuaded though one rose from the dead."

THE DYING YEAR.

BY E. L. BICKNELL.

PERISH! O dying year!
 Pass on to the dim, oblivious shore;
 Take this, this bitter tear;
 To those gathering waves take one drop more,
 And then, old year, farewell for evermore.

Would that this were farewell
 To the strife of love, and hope, and fear;
 Words ever fail to tell
 How they, with thee, have been battling here,
 In this heart of mine, thou by-gone year.

Dying! a sullen moan,
 Heard in the dark hours, when childhood slept—
 Heard then by me alone,
 As over the death of Love I kept
 A lonely vigil and wildly wept.

Listen, ere thou art fled;
 One whisper more in thy dull, cold ear;
 Though slumbering with the dead,
 Thou'lt live, great witness, to appear
 At Heaven's bar, of deeds done here.

DANTE.

BY S. ADAMS LEE.

DANTE ALIGHIERI was born in 1292, of a noble family of Florence, at a time when the rival factions of the Guelphs and Ghibelines made that city the prey of carnage and civil war. He joined the party and shared the fate of the former; was driven from his native city and lived for many years a life of exile, want, and danger. Receiving no aid from those whose cause he had espoused, he went over at last, either from revenge or despair, to the opposite party. He never, however, revisited the city which his talents were to immortalize, but his sufferings to disgrace forever. He closed a life of trouble and sorrow in a foreign land, and yet sleeps,

"Like Scipio, buried by the upbraiding shore."

There was much in the events of his life, and the situation of his country, to stir up all the bitterness of his naturally gloomy spirit. He saw his beloved Florence the prey of foreign violence and domestic treachery; sold by her children and plundered by her friends. He was himself a victim, whose fortune and hopes had been blasted by the same pestilence which had destroyed her honor and happiness. He had lost a noble rank and independent fortune. He had been the victim of injustice and insult, the sport of hazard, the prey of misery. Reduced to seek shelter with the enemies he hated and despised, he had felt, as he himself says,

"How salt the savor is of others' bread,
How hard the passage to descend and climb
By others' stairs."

No wonder, then, that we see in every line the workings of just and implacable resentment, proud and honest sorrow, wounded yet faithful patriotism; no wonder that his wrongs and sufferings have given the same dark tinge to his writings which they shed over his life and temper.

His principal work, it is needless to say, is "La Divina Commedia;" called *divina*, not from a pardonable vanity in the author, but from the sacred nature of the subject. The word *comedy* does not indicate any thing dramatic in its form. He adopted it as denoting a lower grade of poetry than the Epic, to which rank he supposed the *Æneid* to have exclusive claim; and as he most probably had never read, and certainly had never seen a comedy, he knew not that there was any impropriety in the title. The plan of the work is grand, yet simple. It is the journey of the author through hell, purgatory, and paradise, and

describes the punishments of one and the joys of the other. Entering at the surface of the earth, he finds himself in a vast cavity, reaching to the center by a series of circles, in each of which some crimes are visited with their appropriate torments. Lucifer sits at the center, imprisoned in an ocean of ice. Beyond the fiend lies purgatory, in the form of a cone, reaching to the surface of the opposite hemisphere, where he places the terrestrial paradise. The celestial paradise is beyond this, divided into seven heavens, and sprinkled with stars and planets, the abodes of happy spirits.

It is in the first division of the work that he puts forth all his strength. There are a few fine passages in the Purgatory; but as a whole, this and the Paradise are tedious and disfigured by the perplexed metaphysics and polemics of the age. But the *Inferno*, to make amends, abounds with beauties; such, too, as few have imitated, and none have ever rivaled. In relating the punishments of the wicked he displays the greatest powers of thought and language; and nothing can be brought home to the mind with more horrible fidelity than their foul and fearful torments. He does not seek to dazzle or astonish; it is a man telling a story which he feels deeply himself, and whose only aim is to set the events he describes clearly before his hearers, no matter how rough the expressions or homely the images he employs. The great secret of the strong impression he makes is, that he avoids burying his subject under a load of extraneous circumstances, or surrounding it with bright but bewildering ornaments. He brings it before you, unadorned with pomp of language or beauty of illustration, but clear, natural, and forcible in its simplicity.

The measure of the poem is one invented by him and since called *terza rima*; that is, two rhymes are repeated alternately three times each. This measure, singular as it seems, has been extensively and skillfully used in Italy, and Byron has employed it in "The Prophecy of Dante" with as much success as our language will allow.

Dante's style in general is hard and rough; obscure sometimes from his abrupt energy; often from the metaphysical speculations into which he wanders, and oftener still from the local allusions with which his works are crowded. His are not the light touches of a pencil dipped in the rainbow; he is rather one who would write on marble, who strikes with rude strength, and whose blows sink deep. His works wear the gloomy coloring of his mind. He was of a grave, lofty, reflective spirit, hardened by adversity, and imbittered by suffering; hence there is little glow of poetic fer-

vor—little play of the imagination about him. But when the frown his face generally wears does relax, the smile that lights it up is *doubly brilliant* from the contrast; and when his genius does flash forth from the gloom in which it loves to shroud itself, it has the brightness of the lightning breaking the darkness of the storm. Hence, when he interrupts his plain narrative for some episode of pathos or power, the effect is inconceivably beautiful. In particular we may instance the Story of Francesca di Rimini, one of the most affecting tales of guilty, yet delicate and tender love, that was ever clothed in verse; and the darker, yet still more masterly picture of the death of Count Ugolino and his sons by famine. In this last episode there is no load of ornament, no exaggeration of superlatives. It is a plain tale of intense suffering and mortal agony; but all the horrors of the diseased imagination, all the night-mare dreams of German mysticism, never came up to its simple, *appalling reality*.

No man exercised so great, so honorable, and so extensive a literary influence as Dante. Homer died without having instructed the ignorance or aroused the emulation of his countrymen; and Virgil shone but as a single star in a bright and thickly-set constellation. But Dante found the Italians illiterate, and left them aroused and enlightened, and substituted strength and confidence for the helpless weakness of their minds; hence his popularity is one of the proudest that any poet ever enjoyed. The natural beauty of Shakspeare is unintelligible and displeasing to the artificial taste of other countries, and Milton soars beyond the reach of their short-sighted gaze. The very names of many of the English poets are unknown to the foreign critic. But the sweetness and melody of the Italian language, which makes it every-where the chosen vehicle of music, introduces the knowledge of the riches of its literature, as well as of the graces of its harmony; and Dante, like Homer, is appreciated and admired where the noblest flights of the English muse would be pursued by the carplings of petty criticism. Abroad, even national prejudice does not deny him the highest honors; at home his popularity amounts almost to idolatry. His works are studied as a branch of education, and the explanation of them has risen almost to a science. The beauty of his style, the grandeur of his conceptions, the living accuracy of his pictures—these the Italians admire, repeat, and consecrate as the richest legacy of one generation to another. These are only claims on their respect; but he is entitled to and receives the further tribute of their gratitude. Their loved and boasted language is his

gift. His strong creative mind brought together its scattered atoms, and they united in that fabric of beautiful thought and harmonious proportion of which he is at once architect and the noblest ornament. From his works, too, they draw the purest and noblest lesson of patriotism, and learn to cast off sectional jealousies, and glory in that country which he loved, forgave, and admired.

It is doing no injustice to the memory of Milton to compare him with Dante. Both arose in times of fierce dissensions, tumultuous anarchy, and riotous license; and the mind of each was borne along by the tide of popular feeling, which swayed their lives. Each arose also in the thickest of the struggle between prejudice and liberality, oppression and resistance; and to their credit, to the credit of genius, and the credit of human nature be it spoken, each was found on the side of truth and justice. Not like the indolent philanthropists of the school of Rosseau,

"Nursing in some delicious solitude
Their slothful lives and dainty sympathies;"

but armed champions in the lists, periling themselves and all that belonged to them in support of the good cause. Each was the eloquent apostle, each was ready to become the martyr of freedom. Both labored with the same benevolent zeal for the welfare of their countrymen. Milton employed his pen in the "Areopagitica," the "Tract on Education," the "Defensio Populi Anglicani." Dante's works were of the same honorable and useful character—the "Treatise de Vulgari Eloquentia," which led to the cultivation of the language, and "La Divina Commedia," which formed and fixed it.

Such is the similarity of their characters—in their writings there are more points of difference than of resemblance. Milton's mind was high, excursive, and contemplative; Dante's quick, stern, decided. Milton's power of association was unbounded; it embraced and combined

"All thinking things, the object of all thought."

Dante, whether the object before him was gloomy or beautiful, mean or majestic, saw it and spoke of it only as it was. Milton is like Noah's dove, which wandered over earth and air before it returned to its resting-place; Dante, like the falcon which fastens its eye on its prey and lights upon it at once. Milton is like the sun, extending its rays throughout the universe; spreading "undivided and operating unspent;" Dante, like the lightning, flashing out from the midst of "thick clouds and dark," and descending in dazzling and blasting power on its victim.

The difference in their characters we can discover, or, at least, fancy in their portraits. On the high, calm forehead of Milton we can see enthroned the soaring spirit which rose in its meditations beyond this visible sphere into the distant glories of immensity, and went on its way in pride and triumph, where other minds paused, bewildered and trembling. His features speak of a soul regulated by rigid discipline, stored with all wholesome learning, purified by fervent piety, which bore as little of the stain of this world as ever did any of mortal mold. Dante's face is that of a man of sterner and more intense passions, quicker and more irritable feeling. His brow has not the calm expression of Milton's; it is contracted into a thousand wrinkles, the footprints of the various emotions—

"Love, hatred, pride, hope, sorrow, all save fear,"

which chased each other through his brain. Dante lived in the world and found nothing uncongenial to his taste in its contests and employments. Milton became Latin secretary to Cromwell, and the champion of his party from a sense of duty; but while he cheerfully performed his task, he would rather have retired from the "busy hum of men," to lead the peaceful, religious life of pensive but not gloomy melancholy, solemn, yet not sad musing, he describes so exquisitely. Dante was of the Roman temper of Cæsar and Cato; Milton had more of the Attic eloquence of Plato and Xenophon. The one loved to be first in a crowd of combatants, the other,

"Apart, sat on a hill retired,
In thought more elevate, and reasoned high
Of Providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate."

Dante we have always thought a greater master of the affections than Milton. He is more vivid and dramatic in his sketches; quicker, more fervent and impassioned in his tone of thought. Neither of them would have had much success in treating the other's subject. The Englishman wanted a fair field, untouched, unapproachable by man; the Italian could not "build the lofty rhyme," without the abundant material which the business and the passion of the world supplied. The gloomy caves of hell would not have furnished him with inspiration had he not peopled them with real beings, and filled them with the vindictive jealousies and sharp contests of his own strong and eventful life.

Dante is often rough and homely in his narrative. Milton's faults are the contrary—metaphysical obscurity and over-refinement. He never forgets himself; though his wing after too high a flight may sometimes flag, he never entirely drops

his pinion—to use his own happy expression, on him, wherever he moved,

"A pomp of winning graces waited still."

He is a magician, whose art can cover every barren spot with flowers, and beguile the tedious way he leads us by the splendid scenery he scatters round it. Dante is rather a fellow-traveler with us, who, in a long journey, is sometimes dull and tiresome, sometimes harsh and repulsive, but whom we always feel to be a man of no common order, and whose powers, when passion gives them eloquence or energy, can startle, soothe, dazzle, or terrify us at will. We love the honest hatred of wrong, the quick, sensitive pride, the constant, though wounded patriotism of his character; we admire the intensity, sternness, and simple majesty of his genius, and only regret that he speaks a foreign tongue and not our own. Had he been an Englishman he would have made a noble triumvir, to share with Shakspeare and Milton the empire of the literary world.

A CHRISTIAN VOID OF EARNESTNESS.

A CHRISTIAN void of earnestness—with what comparison shall I compare him? He is like one of a collection of stuffed birds, where you find the dove, the raven, the nightingale, and the eagle; but the dove can not coo, the raven can not croak, the nightingale can not sing, and the eagle can not soar. Or he may be compared to a galvanized corpse—there is motion in the limbs, but there is no luster in the eye, no bloom on the cheek; it smiles, but it is cold; it moves, but it is dead. Or I may compare him to one of those wax-work figures you often see: Peel, O'Connell, Wordsworth, and Brougham are all in the collection; but Peel can not govern, O'Connell can not agitate, Wordsworth can not dream, and Brougham can not talk. Such miserable mimics of humanity are professing Christians without earnestness.

We are surrounded on all sides by earnest objects and beings. The earth is in earnest as it pursues its path around the sun. The sun is in earnest as he pours abroad his tide of everlasting day. The stars are in earnest as they shine down in such still intensity upon a slumbering world. Angels are in earnest as they pursue their high ministrations. God is in earnest, as he carries on his wondrous plans.

"Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."

THE TWO CLERKS.

BY REV. H. P. ANDREWS.

"But they that will be rich, fall into temptation, and a snare." 1 TIM. VI. 9.

"AND so you are going to the city to live, are you not, George?"

"I suppose I shall. Father thinks it is a very fine chance for me; and he wonders that your father was unwilling to have you go. What was the reason, James?"

"Well, he said he had a good many reasons; but the one he gave to Mr. Walcott was, that I was too young to leave home."

"Too young! why, you are older than I am, and I am fourteen. Father says he will risk me to take care of myself," and the boy straightened himself up as though he already felt himself a man.

"That was only one of father's reasons. I think, perhaps, he would have thought more favorably of it if Mr. Walcott had been a Christian."

"A Christian! I should like to know what his being a Christian has to do with his success as a merchant. Father says if a man is honest, and looks out for the main chance, that's enough. Mr. Walcott is one of the richest and most successful merchants in the city. And only think of his going away from this town a poor boy with a little bundle in his hand, and entering the city a stranger with only a single shilling in his pocket! And what is he now? There's energy and perseverance for you! I should like to take lessons of such a man."

"I do not doubt but Mr. Walcott is a smart business man, and has become very wealthy; but the store of a rich merchant, who thinks of nothing but making money, is hardly the place in which to form the character of a boy—father thinks."

"And my father thinks just the contrary. He says if a lad is to become a successful merchant he must commence young—must learn how—so that all the 'tricks of the trade' may become familiar to him."

"Well, George, if I can't become a successful merchant without learning the 'tricks of trade,' as you call them, I will be a farmer. My Bible says, 'A faithful man shall abound with blessings; but he that maketh haste to be rich shall not be innocent.'"

"A man may be honest and yet make a good trade; and I don't see what there is wrong in getting all the money we can, and as fast as we can. Father has set his heart upon having me a rich

man, and I don't mean to disappoint him. A man who has got money has something to trust in; he can 'snap his fingers in the face of the world,' father says."

"Yes, but riches sometimes 'take to themselves wings and fly away.' But we read in the Bible, '*Fear the Lord, for there is no want to them that fear him.*' I had rather have the Christian's trust than the rich man's."

"But are not Christians sometimes poor? I have read of some who almost starved and were very wretched."

"It is true Christians are sometimes poor here, but that is because they have laid up all their treasures in heaven. And they sometimes suffer, too, but even this makes them happy; for the Bible declares, 'this light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory,' and when they think of this they can't help rejoicing. They know they can live here but a few years, at longest, and they had rather be rich in a long eternity, than to have all their wealth for a little while on earth."

"Well, I suppose what the Bible says is true, though father says that if a man is honest, and lives like a gentleman, it is enough for him in this world. He has never troubled himself about such things as you speak of, and I am sure he has got along in the world just as well as your father. I don't see as those who profess to be Christians do so much better than other people."

"But is Mr. Walcott strictly honest in all his dealings? Father thinks he did not deal very honorably with old Mr. Williams."

"Honest? Yes, I heard father telling Mr. Wade about that affair with Mr. Williams, and they thought that Mr. Walcott managed it pretty shrewdly. It isn't every one who can make five hundred dollars earn him two thousand as easily as that. It was a perfectly lawful business transaction. Mr. Williams ought to have looked out for himself."

"It may have been a perfectly lawful business transaction; but was it kind or right for him to take all that property just because the mortgage had expired the day before? Was this doing as he would be done by?"

"I guess he wouldn't give any one the opportunity to serve him such a trick. He would look out for himself."

"Well, I would rather not be in such a man's employ. I am afraid I should learn to be dishonest. Father intends to have me go into a store in a year or two if he can find some pious, Christian man who will take me. And I think, George, I

shall be happier and better off to 'trust in the Lord' and try to please him, than to 'make haste to be rich.' "

"Every one for their notion, James. Father is very much pleased about my going, and has promised to buy me a watch and a new suit of clothes to begin with."

"When do you go?"

"In about three weeks."

"And how soon do you expect to return?"

"O, I presume I shall come up on a visit in a few months. I shall not come home very often, though. Mr. Walcott rather I would not."

"Well, George, I shall be sorry to have you go. We have always played together, and I shall be real lonely without you. I hope you'll have a happy time and become as rich as you wish."

"Thank you, James, I shall certainly try; and if success is possible I mean to be successful."

And so the boys parted for the night—the one to study his Sabbath school lesson for the morrow, the other to dream over his going to the city and becoming a rich man.

James Hardy and George Roberts were playmates. Their parents were both farmers in the pleasant little village of B—. By industry and economy they had gained a moderate competence, and were surrounded by all the comforts and some of the luxuries of life. It would be difficult to tell which was the richer man, or which conducted his business affairs the more shrewdly.

But in one very important respect the homes of the two boys materially differed. James Hardy's parents were pious people. Morning and evening the father opened the old family Bible and read the commandments of the Lord, and then they all kneeled down around that family altar and prayed. But in the home of George the voice of prayer was never heard. Mr. Roberts was an honest, upright, exemplary man, but he was not religious. He did not believe it necessary, in order to live happily and honestly, that men should be obliged to pray every day, and "make so much ado about religion." George's mother was a kind-hearted, industrious woman, always yielding to the decisions of her husband; and if he pronounced a matter right she gave herself very little trouble whether it was really so or not. She never taught her little boy to kneel by her side, as James was accustomed to do, and offer his little prayers to God. She had no time, she said; but she taught him to be honest, and always to speak the truth, and to endeavor to live in peace and harmony with all around him.

Such were the homes of the two boys, a chapter from whose lives I am about to give.

James and George were very nearly of an age. When they were children they used to walk, hand in hand, to school. They sat at the same desk, studied the same lessons, and both were good and promising scholars.

Just at the foot of the gardens that ran down in the rear of the two houses was a clear, sparkling rill, that sang sweetly as it hurried along over its pebbly bed, kissed by the bright flowers that grew on either side. This was a favorite resort for the two boys. Here they gathered the wild flowers for their mothers—and here they built their turf dams, and made their mimic mills. Here, too, they would sometimes sit for hours upon a green, grassy knoll, and talk of the glowing future, and, as boys are wont to do, build their beautiful "air castles" of future greatness and fame.

But there was always a difference in the boys' plans for the future, which seemed to be of home growth. James was as ambitious as George. But he had been taught by his pious father and devoted mother to desire wealth and honor, that he might be more useful and do good in the world. This lesson he had also learned in the Sabbath school. His teacher had taught him that if he wished to be happy in life he must seek to be good—if he desired to become a great man he must resolve to be a good one—to serve his heavenly Father and be useful to his fellow-men. And young as James was he understood much of this, and daily prayed to God to make him good and holy.

But George had never had this great lesson impressed upon his heart. His father rejoiced to see the evidences of smartness in his darling boy; and when, at the age of eight years, he marked his rapid progress in knowledge, and discovered also his inclination to trade, and saw marked evidence of shrewdness in his boyish bargains, he would smooth back the sunny locks from his noble brow and say, he "hoped some day to see his son a merchant, and a rich one, too."

Mr. Roberts was a strictly honest man, so far as dealing with his fellows was concerned, for he had sagacity enough to see that "honesty is the best policy." But for all this, money was his idol. He loved it better than he loved any thing else on earth save his son. He had no higher ambition than to see his boy grow up to be a rich man; and when the rich and enterprising merchant, Mr. Walcott, after the refusal of Mr. Hardy to part with his son, came and desired George to enter his splendid store and fill the place designed for James, he did not hesitate a moment to give his consent. This was just the opening he had been

desiring for him, and Mr. Walcott just the kind of man that he wished his son to imitate. Thirty years before, that gentleman left that very village a poor, ill-clad boy of twelve years, and with all his worldly goods tied up in a red cotton handkerchief, and with but a single shilling in his pocket had entered the great city a perfect stranger. And by untiring and persevering effort he had arisen, step by step, to become one of the richest merchants in the city. True, some thought him almost too sharp to be honest, but he was careful never to do any thing that was not strictly lawful, and with this he was satisfied. This was his standard of honesty. Such was the man to whose care Mr. Roberts was anxious to intrust the formation of his son's business character. He could not help expressing his surprise at the refusal of Mr. Hardy to accept so brilliant an opening for James, and was glad that he was superior to all such groundless whims.

At the appointed time George left home and entered upon his duties in the store of Mr. Walcott, and James Hardy remained in his place in the village school and pursued his daily lessons. He believed his parents knew better what was for his good than he knew himself, and he cheerfully submitted to them in all things.

Ten years passed. George was now head clerk in the store of Mr. Walcott, and James occupied a similar position in a neighboring house—the former at a salary of fifteen hundred dollars a year, the latter at a thousand. They still continued to associate together, more from early habit than from any similarity of present tastes, for James had grown up a pious young man, and for years had been a devoted teacher in the Sabbath school and a member of the Church, while George was strictly a man of the world, thinking of little beyond how to get money—how to become rich. The sanctuary had few charms for him.

One day while taking his accustomed morning walk over one of the bridges leading to the suburbs of the city, James picked up a large and apparently well-filled pocket-book. It was of that description usually carried by our merchant princes, and opening it he found it indeed well filled. Some twenty thousand dollars in bills of large denominations was snugly packed away within. Hastily returning to his lodgings with his prize he met George, just as the latter was leaving for his store. He showed him the pocket-book, and exhibited to him its contents.

"What are you intending to do with it?" asked George.

"Advertise it, of course," replied James. "The owner must be found if possible."

Nothing more was said relative to the disposal of the pocket-book, and after carefully looking it over, and even pausing to glance at the number and character of the bills, George returned it with the simple exclamation,

"Should you find no owner for it you will be quite a rich man, James!"

"That is scarcely possible," the other replied "A man who loses twenty thousand dollars will hardly keep himself in obscurity. At any rate I should not feel like appropriating the money to my own personal use."

"I think your ideas of honesty are quite too nice," replied George, as he walked away.

James proceeded immediately to the store, and as Mr. Kelsey, the owner, was not in, he said nothing about the pocket-book to any one. About ten o'clock George dropped in, and taking a morning paper from his pocket showed James an advertisement of the lost money. The pocket-book was accurately described, externally and internally; the number and denomination of the bills were also designated; and even a small private mark beneath the lap of one of the apartments was pointed out, and a reward of "five hundred dollars" offered for its return to the owner. The time and place of losing, and all the circumstances, indeed, necessary clearly to designate the property, were given in the advertisement, together with the name of the loser, and where he might be found.

"A pretty good morning's work," remarked George, as with apparent coolness he retook the paper. "You will claim the reward, of course."

"I hardly think it would be right for me to do so. I have been to no expense, am not in pressing need of the money, and after all shall simply do my duty in returning it. Should, however, the man press it upon me, I shall, perhaps, take it and devote it to charitable purposes."

"You're a strange fellow, James. I hardly think you will ever realize your early dream of wealth if you are going to let money slip through your fingers in this way."

"Well, if I can not gain wealth according to my ideas of honesty, I hope I shall, at least, be content to remain poor. I can not violate my conscience."

George left, and as there was little doing in the store James took his hat and walked round to the number specified in the advertisement. He was ushered into a snug, comfortable private library or study-room, and in a few moments a young man of some twenty-eight or thirty entered. James rose at his entrance, and asked if he had the pleasure of addressing Mr. W., mentioning the

name signed to the advertisement. He was answered in the affirmative. Producing a paper containing the advertisement, he inquired if Mr. W. was the author of that, and the loser of the pocket-book. This also was answered in the affirmative, and with much apparent interest Mr. W. asked if the book had been so soon found.

"I am very happy," replied James, with real pleasure lighting up his noble features, "to be able to return to you your money, safe as when you unfortunately lost it."

"Indeed I had not dared to hope for this speedy response to my public announcement of my loss, and I shall feel myself under lasting obligations to you; besides experiencing a real pleasure in paying you the reward which I offered."

"Thank you, sir," replied James, "you will excuse me from accepting of your liberality. I have simply done my duty, and have been to no expense whatever."

"But, indeed, I shall insist upon your receiving it. Surely a young man with such noble impulses, and so firmly fixed in principles of right, can find good use for five hundred dollars, besides, you richly deserve it. You surely will not refuse it."

"I will accept it, sir, but not for my personal use. I shall devote it entirely to benevolent purposes."

"Your decision is but another evidence of your noble uprightness," replied the man as he opened the book and examined its contents.

The money was counted, all was pronounced right, and a five hundred dollar bill was handed to James, which he placed in his wallet and left.

A few days subsequently James got his bill exchanged at the bank for smaller ones, which would be more convenient for charitable uses. How deep and real was his pleasure as he sought among the poor and destitute for virtuous objects for his charity! Many a heart was gladdened, and many a mother wept the thanks she could not speak for timely aid to herself and her famishing little ones.

About a month after this, while looking over the news in one of the dailies, a paragraph caught his eye that caused him to turn pale with agitation. This was nothing less than the announcement of a loss, some four weeks previous, of *twenty thousand dollars*, by a man who left in the steamer for Europe without discovering his loss. Then followed a clear and minute description of the pocket-book, together with the number and character of each bill, and also the *private mark* before alluded to. The truth flashed upon the mind of James—he had been duped. Some scoundrel

had evidently cheated him. But how? Where could he have obtained the specific information necessary to write such a perfect advertisement? Could it have been through the instrumentality of George? Was it a plot between him and some base fellow to get possession of the money? This James did not want to believe. And even should he admit this as probable or possible, what evidence had he that such was the fact?

About noon, the following day, just as James was leaving the store, a gentleman entered and inquired for him. James stepped forward, when, to the astonishment of all, the man arrested him as his prisoner. What could it mean? The officer did not choose to answer any questions, and James left in his company for the prison.

A few moments only had he been there before Mr. Kelsey entered.

"How is this, James?" asked the agitated man. "Why are you here a prisoner? Have you been guilty of crime?"

"No, sir," he calmly answered, "I am innocent," and then he stated the circumstances of his finding the money, and of his returning it, as he supposed, to its lawful owner. Mr. Kelsey heard him through, shook his head, and looked troubled. It was a bad case. No individual had been witness to the transaction except George, and he was already summoned by the prosecution.

It seems that the individual who took the bill from James, when he offered it at the bank, happened to be the very same who had paid out the same bill to the owner of the lost pocket-book, and at the suggestion of the man who received it, had made an entry of the number and denomination of the bills, placing also a small private mark on the corner of each. His suspicion was aroused, and he asked and registered the name of the person who presented it. When, therefore, he saw the notice in the papers the conviction was at once awakened that James came dishonestly by the bill which he presented, and that it was his duty to see that the matter was legally examined into. Hence his arrest and present imprisonment.

When George Roberts read the announcement in the paper, which so startled James, he too was deeply affected. He had hoped the affair had quietly passed over. He had strong personal reason for not wishing to be summoned by James as a witness in his behalf, as he foresaw there was a strong presumption that his friend would be apprehended. What should he do? He thought if he could manage to get himself summoned by the complainant he was safe. Taking, therefore, the paper in his hand he entered a neighboring store and detailed all the circumstances of James

having the pocket-book, of the spurious advertisement, the professed payment of the reward, and the unusual and unnatural display of benevolence on the part of his early friend. All this was told with such mock gravity and apparent deep feeling of sympathy for James, that it was deemed important to give immediate notice of it to the proper authorities.

The hour of examination came. Mr. Williams had been sought for, but no such person was to be found. The servant who admitted James, when he went to return the pocket-book, had also left the city, and gone, no one knew whither. George testified simply to having seen the pocket-book once, and then only for a moment. The teller in the bank testified to the reception of the five hundred dollar bill and the accompanying circumstances. The evidence was, alas! too strong. It shook even the confidence of Mr. Kelsey, though he could not refuse to become bail for the unfortunate young man, when judgment was pronounced against him and he was bound over in a very heavy sum for trial.

That night James sat down and gave a minute history of the affair to Mr. Kelsey, detailing all the peculiarities in the appearance of George when he showed him the book—how he had paused minutely to examine each bill, though in reality he had done this very briefly. And then he asked Mr. Kelsey what he thought of the matter.

"That James Hardy is an innocent, noble-hearted young man, and that George Roberts is a black-hearted scoundrel!" replied the excited Christian merchant.

James could not speak—he bowed his head and wept like a child. Grasping the hand of his noble-hearted employer, he pressed it with a silent prayer for God's blessing upon him. Another heart, too, throbbed with gladness when assured of the merchant's decision, and that was the loving heart of his only daughter, a beautiful girl of some sixteen summers; and pure and holy was the prayer that ascended to heaven that night from beside her downy bed, for God's blessing upon the youth so wrongfully and unjustly accused.

The next mail bore to the afflicted parents a full and particular account of all the circumstances in the handwriting of their suffering boy. 'Twas a severe blow; but in the midst of their sorrow they thanked God that their boy was innocent. Of this there was not a doubt on their minds.

The day of trial drew near. The best legal counsel was secured, but still every thing looked dark. The charge was, that James had procured

the insertion of the advertisement, and to cover himself had ostentatiously spent five hundred dollars of the twenty thousand in pretended benevolence. Who else, it was urged, could have gained such a minute knowledge of the pocket-book and its contents as to be able to write that perfect description of it contained in the advertisement? Not a single number on the bills had been mistaken—each agreed perfectly with the teller's entry.

The day before the trial was to take place a lad entered the store of Mr. Kelsey and handed him a note. Opening it he found a hasty line from the publisher of the "daily" in which the advertisement had appeared, stating that, in clearing up the office, the original copy of the advertisement, as it was handed in for publication, was found, and he deemed it his duty without delay to forward it to him, as it might be of much service in the trial. Mr. Kelsey immediately repaired to the lodgings of James, and found him there busy with his legal adviser. He handed James the paper without offering any remark. The moment he looked at it and marked its contents a cry of mingled grief and surprise escaped him. The advertisement was in the well-known, peculiar handwriting of George. Nothing could be plainer.

The finding of this little paper put an entirely new aspect upon the face of affairs. They would be able now to prove at least that James was not the writer of the advertisement, and to implicate George most fatally in the matter. As if to make the matter peculiarly favorable to James and fatal to George, the advertisement had been written upon a peculiar kind of paper, manufactured for and used solely by the extensive house of the rich Mr. Walcott.

The day of trial came. The court-room was crowded, and among the number occupying a seat of favor sat the parents of James and the father of George—the former drawn to the trial by the deepest sympathy and sorrow, the other by curiosity, and because, perhaps, his son was engaged in it. The case was opened for the commonwealth—pertinent opening remarks were made by the district attorney, and he then proceeded to call his witnesses. First the teller was placed upon the stand. His testimony was clear and conclusive to the fact of the presentation by James of the five hundred dollar bill. Next the advertisement was introduced, giving a minute description of all the contents of the lost pocket-book, agreeing in every respect with the teller's entry. Then George was called. All eyes were turned upon him as he took his place upon the

stand. He came forward with a bold, self-assured air, returning the gaze of the many eyes with a steady look of ill-concealed defiance. He gave his evidence in a clear, connected manner, simply stating the facts of his meeting James quite early in the morning, his showing him the pocket-book, stating that he had just found it, of his own cursory and brief examination of the book and its contents, and then of his discovering the advertisement of the loss of the money, some three or four hours afterward, in one of the later editions of the morning papers, and his calling to show it to James. And this was all. He knew nothing more; and to the astonishment of every one, even of the judge himself, he was permitted to resume his seat without a single question being asked him by the counsel for James.

The evidence for the government was all in—and certainly it appeared conclusive; and when the counsel for the defense arose to open his case, such was his cheerful aspect, such his confident bearing, that all were taken by surprise. The fact of the found advertisement had not been revealed to a single individual, not even to the parents of James. They, too, were startled from their deep sorrow by the cheerful, confident manner of the noted attorney.

"May it please the court," he commenced, "we have let this strange case progress thus far without raising our voice to stay or break the force of a single act or endeavor of the complainant to crush an unfortunate youth. Our course may have appeared strange and quite unusual, and by some we may have appeared wanting either in interest for our client, or in power to defend him. Neither of these premises is correct. We are both interested in and able to defend the noble young man upon whose ruin others have sought to build up a fortress of defense for their deep-laid plots of crime. The real criminal is not at the bar, though he is within the hearing of my voice, and may well tremble for his safety. God, sir, protects the innocent. The man who trusts in him shall not be confounded, but the great God speaks everlasting truth when he says, 'BE SURE THY SIN SHALL FIND THEE OUT!' We have let the proceedings progress thus far, we repeat, unobstructed, that all that could be done might be done, to blacken and crush James Hardy, the noble-hearted young man, who almost wept over the tardily discovered evidence of a long-cherished friend's heartless treachery. But that evidence was discovered at last—discovered seemingly by the direct providence of God; and we doubt not that before we dismiss this case we shall be able to tear the dark pall from the character of our cli-

ent; and let none blame us if, in its descent, it shall unfold the real criminal."

The effect of these remarks upon the assembly was thrilling. All knew that to speak thus the man who stood before them must have something more than a probability to base his actions upon, and they already looked upon young Hardy as saved. How, they could not see—but saved he really was, or Sam Hinsdale, or "Old Sam," as he was more familiarly called, would never have uttered such bold words in his defense.

The first witness called was a clerk in the same store with James, who testified that the accused never left the counting-room after he entered it in the morning till after George came in with the paper containing the advertisement. He remembered this circumstance from the fact that James had asked for Mr. Kelsey upon his entrance in the morning, and requested witness to inform him if he came in.

Then Mr. Walcott was called. His testimony went to show, first, that he used a peculiar kind of paper in his store, a sample of which was shown to the judge and jury, and that this paper was never sold, and was stamped with this particular mark for him alone. He testified, secondly, to the fact of George's remarkable memory. He had often tested its retentive power by giving at random a large number of dates for him to remember, and never found it at fault. Next the counsel handed him a small piece of paper, asking if the mark upon it was the same as that upon the paper used in his employ, and also if he knew the handwriting. He took the paper, looked at it, and, with a flushed and troubled countenance, answered that the mark was his own, and that he knew the handwriting well.

A deathlike stillness pervaded the ample room as George Roberts was recalled to the stand. He came forward trembling, yet affecting a careless unconcern most painful to witness. James was deeply moved. Mr. Roberts turned pale with painful forebodings.

"George Roberts, do you know that paper?" asked the attorney in a voice of thunder, at the same time laying the copy of the advertisement before him.

George took the paper, gave one hasty glance, and fell fainting to the floor. All was confusion, and it was with difficulty that order was restored. The result is soon told. George, upon returning consciousness, saw the hopelessness of his position. To escape detection were well-nigh impossible. He confessed the truth—acknowledged himself the deviser of the plot, the author of the advertisement, and the companion of another in

sharing the money. Through his confession the remaining criminal was found, the larger portion of the funds secured, and the character of James Hardy cleared from every suspicion.

Heavily did this astounding disclosure fall upon the poor distressed father of George, who saw, too late, the folly of his mistaken course of home training for his son; while the parents of James returned to their homes rejoicing that they had taught their loved child, from his early youth, that "*the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom,*" and "*a faithful man shall abound with blessings;* BUT HE THAT MAKETH HASTE TO BE RICH SHALL NOT BE INNOCENT!"

LOCH-NA-GAR AND LORD BYRON.

"During his holidays he was once and again permitted to visit the upper part of Strathdee. There the dark summit of Loch-na-gar stood before the eye of its future poet."—*Moore.*

I REMEMBER, with a small party of friends, climbing the dark summit of Loch-na-gar some years ago. As we ascended, a mist, as if of deliberate purpose, seemed slowly and scornfully to cover the hill, till we found, on reaching the summit, that the prospect was denied us. It was a thrilling moment. What though darkness was all around? It was the very atmosphere that suited the scene. It was "dark Loch-na-gar." And how fine we felt it to climb its cairn—to lift a stone from it, to be in aftertime a memorial of our journey—to hear the song which made it famous, sung in its own proud drawing-room, with those great fog curtains floating around—to pass along the brink of its precipices—to snatch a fearful joy as we leant over, and hung down, and saw from beneath a gleam of snow shining in its hollows and columns, or rather perpendicular seas of mist, streaming up upon the wind—

"Like foam from the roused ocean of deep hell,"

tinged here and there, too, on their tops, by rays of sunshine—the farewell beams of the dying day. We had stood upon many hills in sunshine and in shade, in mist and thunder; but never had before such a sense of the terrible grandeur and beauty of this lower universe. It was not merely the loftiness of the mountain, nor its bold outline, nor its savage loneliness, nor its mist-loving precipices, which moved us; but there were associations, too, which crowned it with a "peculiar diadem"—it was identified with the image of a poet who, amid his many fearful errors, has had the power of investing all his career, yea, every corner which his fierce foot ever touched, or his genius ever sung, with profound and melancholy interest. We saw the name of Byron written in the cloud

characters above us. We saw his genius sadly smiling in those gleams of stray sunshine which gilded the darkness they could not dispel. We found an emblem of his passions in that flying rack, and of his character in those lowering precipices. We seemed to hear the wail of his restless spirit in the wild sob of the wind, fainting and struggling up under its burden of darkness. Nay, we could fancy the savage hill a colossal image of his character, as well as a monument to his name. Like Loch-na-gar, his genius was sharply and terribly defined. Like it, he yields in magnitude and round completeness to many—in abrupt and passionate projection of his own shadow over the world of literature, to none. The genius of convulsion, a dire attraction dwells around him, which leads many to hang over, and some to leap down his precipices. Volcanic as he is, the coldness of wintery selfishness, too, often collects in the hollows of his verse. He loved, like his hill, the cloud and the thick darkness, and came "vailing all the lightnings of his song" in earth-sprung sorrows. Like Byron, beside Scott and Wordsworth, does this monarch of Strathdee stand near his brother giants to the west—Ben-Mac Dhui and Ben-y-Boord, less lofty, but more fiercely eloquent in its rugged outline; projecting its cliffs like quenched batteries against earth and heaven, with the cold of snow in its heart, and with a coronet of mist around its gloomy brow. And, should any of my readers who have not hitherto visited that romantic district, direct their steps thitherward, let them not forget to turn aside and see this solitary, but suggestive spot; let them there read in mountain cipher the moral of Byron's story; see in that blackened mass an emblem of his moral desolation, and trace the stream of his poetry, in its light and darkness, its bitterness and its brilliance—to this smitten rock in the wilderness—to the cliffs of Loch-na-gar.—*Gilfillan.*

PREPARATION FOR DEATH.

WHEN you lie down at night, compose your spirit as if you were not to awake till the heavens be no more. And when you awake in the morning, consider the new day as your last and live accordingly. Let the mantle of worldly enjoyment hang loose about you, that it may be easily dropped when death comes to carry you into another world. When the corn is forsaken the ground is ready for the sickle, when the fruit is ripe it falls off the tree easily. So when a Christian's heart is truly weaned from the world, he is prepared for death, and it will be the more easy for him.

THE INTIMATE FRIEND.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

CHAPTER I.

CHARLES LANE had been established in a prosperous business eight years, and was nearly thirty years old when he first seriously proposed to himself to win a wife to brighten his home. He had so resolutely remained single while one after another of his young associates had soberly settled down in life, as the head of a family, that people had ceased to calculate the chances for this or that suitable young lady ever becoming Mrs. Lane; and his gallant attentions to the fair sex had come to be regarded by them in the light of common property. And it is not at all improbable that he would have passed quietly down into the vale of cheerless old bachelorhood, had he not become acquainted with Miss Catherine Hamilton, the sister of a beloved friend and former class-mate.

She was not quite eighteen when he married her, and the disparity in their ages for a long time kept him from regarding her in a different light from that in which she stood to his friend's family—a household pet, bright, merry, and affectionate, used to all sorts of indulgence and flattery, but not spoiled by it. But the fresh charm of her manner, and the untutored, artless expression of her thoughts, as yet uncorrupted by the intercourse of fashionable city life, had a graceful loveliness in the eyes of the wearied man of the world, superior to all that he had hitherto found in female society, and so he brought her from her country home, and established her in a fashionable city residence, and introduced her as his wife to his critical associates, with the firm conviction that they would be as delighted as himself with his choice.

For her sake, so young and so gay-hearted, he renounced at once those habits of study and retirement which had become almost a second nature. For years he had preferred a quiet evening with his book, to the gay parties to which he was constantly invited, and had asserted his bachelor privilege of remaining at home whenever he chose; but now there was no end to the invitations that poured in upon them, and which were unhesitatingly accepted for the sake of the young wife, and for a time he enjoyed the change. He observed, with pleasure, the effect of Kate's simple beauty upon the idle crowd, to whom a new face was nearly as attractive as a new bit of gossip. To her, every thing was novel and charming. At her age she was not likely to observe the artificial smile, the studied intonation of affected interest in conversation; to her, the tinsel glare was a de-

lightful reality, and she did not once dream that there could be insincerity in the professions of affection that greeted her at every turn. There are many, older and more experienced than Kate Lane, who have yet to learn the hollow heartlessness of mere fashionable society.

Charles soon became wearied of the endless round of amusements, and often excused himself on the plea of business, when a suitable female chaperone could be found for Kate. "She is young, and needs all this society," he would say, often, as the carriage containing his wife and her particular friends drove away; "but when she gets older, she will tire of it, as I do, and then we will have a home together."

Kate, on her part, often wondered at his persistence in sending her so often abroad, when it would be so much pleasanter to remain with him at home, but she was too much occupied by the succession of pleasures to which she was introduced, to reflect very deeply upon the subject. There was a Miss Bryant, to whose particular friendship Charles had himself recommended her, soon after her marriage, who had by rapid degrees gained her confidence, and an influence over her, which promised no good. The few hours that were not claimed by general society, were not free from the familiar intrusions of the intimate friend, and the frequent repetition of "Dearest Fanny," and "Darling Kate," soon jarred upon the husband's ear more than he would have freely confessed.

There was another thing that began to trouble him. There was a great change in his wife's taste in dress, and the becoming simplicity that had so attracted him as a lover, was fast changing into a close attention to the ridiculous requirements of fashion. It seemed to him that the important shopping expeditions upon which his wife and her friend were so often absent, made up too much of a woman's existence, and he soon learned to consider a call from Miss Bryant as a signal for the appearance of milliners and dress-makers. But only on one point did he place any restriction upon Kate's unbounded liberty. He insisted that she should, on no consideration, ever incur debts that she was unable to pay. With an earnestness that greatly impressed her, he pointed out the easy path to ruin, that so many pursue, and made her promise, that, in all her dealings with others, the only honorable course of prompt payment should be practiced.

At first it seemed to Kate that it was needless caution, and she laughingly asked him how she was ever to dispose of one half the sum that he placed at her command; but in a little time, as

Miss Bryant's influence over her increased, she began to wonder how she should contrive to pay the sewing-girl's bill, or get the new bonnet that Fanny assured her was so charmingly adapted to her complexion. The little purse, that was so plump and round for six months after her marriage, was often empty before a year was out, and Kate's little head was frequently harassed by the most intricate calculations.

"You will have to learn our city ways, and buy on credit yet," Fanny said to her one morning, as they were looking over a new style of shawls, in a fashionable shop. "It will never do to let such bargains as these slip by, because you have not the money ready at the moment required. Why, there is scarce a lady among our friends, who pretends to pay up promptly, and some of their bills run a long time. But you country folks are so afraid of trifles. It's the way you are educated, I suppose."

"It's not that, Fanny. You know as well as I do, that Charles has a horror of debt."

"Well, this would hardly be called a debt, even by him. You will be able to pay within a month, I dare say."

"Yes, in less time."

"And yet you can hesitate, when this is *such* a chance to buy cheap. There are only two shawls of this pattern, and I shall take one at any rate, though when it will be paid for I can't say. Mr. Brown is sure of getting the money from papa, if I fail, so he will be easy, and so shall I. Come, Kate, buy the other, and we can dress alike. Just try it on. Now look at yourself in that mirror. Does it not look splendidly, Mr. Brown?" she asked of the merchant, who had been standing silently by, quite willing to be assisted by Miss Bryant in driving a good bargain.

"Yes," he replied, "the style is peculiarly adapted to her, as you see. It is not often that what we call 'fitness' in costume is so well represented. Turn round, if you please, Mrs. Lane, so that the light can fall directly upon you. Is it not a beautiful sight, Miss Bryant?"

"Charming! Do, Kate, darling, be once persuaded by me, and not suffer this rare opportunity to slip by."

"Let me have the pleasure of sending it to your house this morning," said Mr. Brown. "I can not answer for its remaining on sale an hour, madam, or I would not urge the matter; but it is seldom that we have any thing so charming in the market, and it will not be possible to keep it long."

"I can not pay for it this morning," hesitated Kate; "I should prefer waiting till I can pay for

it;" and she began reluctantly to take it off. The delicate compliments of the merchant had so enhanced its value in her eyes, that she felt it quite a sacrifice to give it up.

"I should be happy to trust Mrs. Lane to any amount. I have the names of many ladies of your acquaintance on my books. We hardly look upon these little transactions as debts; they are only temporary accommodations, the necessity for which will often occur in a lady's experience, and which it is really a pleasure to us to render. You are not used to our customs yet, and allow a trifling matter to be an inconvenience to you."

Thus persuaded, Kate finally yielded, and the shawl was purchased and sent home. But it was a heavy heart that Kate now began to carry about into all her scenes of pleasure. Other bills became due, and were paid; but they seemed suddenly to have acquired great magnitude, and to drain more deeply than ever the purse that was to save the money for the shawl. Other debts, too, were added to the first; it didn't seem to matter so much if the original sum were increased a little, if present ease could be secured. Charles tried in vain to find out the cause of the cloud that now shaded her brow. The merry, careless laugh of other days, sounded hollow and unnatural, and she, whom he had begun to fear was never to arrive at the years of serious reflection, had frequent fits of sadness, that were wholly unaccountable. He began to think that he had neglected her, and he again accompanied her to each party of pleasure; but the gloom still remained; for into the brightest of those gay assemblies would steal the remembrance of her weakness and folly, and she was ready to weep, as she sought vainly some way to escape from the coming evil. She tried hard to appear unconcerned and happy, for she had learned to dread, as a means of detection, the watchful love of her husband; but her forced gayety did not deceive him, though he imagined every cause but the right one for her prolonged melancholy.

"O, dear!" said Kate, one day, to her friend, "if Charles *should* ever know about those stolen goods, I should never be happy again."

"Stolen, Kate!"

"I feel as if they were. They are not mine, at any rate. I have no right to them, and when they will be paid for I can not tell. Sometimes I think I'll tell Charles all about it, and let him despise me. It would be better than this continual fear of being suspected."

"No it wouldn't." Fanny had her own reasons for keeping Charles in ignorance. "You know, darling Kate, his horror of debt. It is a

morbid feeling, to be sure, and perfectly unreasonable, so far as your little embarrassments are concerned, but I suppose he can't help it. Do you know what makes him so particular?"

"It is because he is honest and upright. O that I were worthy of him!"

"Nonsense! You have a fit of the dumps, Kate. Mr. Lane, being an orphan, was brought up by his uncle, who somehow became greatly embarrassed in business, and in a fit of despair shot himself."

"Dreadful!"

"Yes, it was very shocking. His dying did not mend the matter or pay the bills, so he was not overwise, I think. But being a near relative, it made a great impression upon Mr. Lane. It's a pity, for you would be much happier, dear, if he were not so precise."

"If he were less honorable, you mean. No, Fanny, I should be happier if I were honorable, too."

CHAPTER II.

One fine morning in early autumn Miss Bryant came to her friend's house in a great hurry.

"Come, Kate," she exclaimed, "come go with me to Brown's. He has a lot of new fancy silks, and we'll have our pick of them before the whole town gets a chance to overhaul them."

"I don't need a silk now, Fanny. You know it was only last month that we had those expensive brocades. Charles calls me his little spendthrift."

"In fun."

"In fun, of course. But you see he is in business, and papa says he needs a great deal of money for capital, and mamma whispered to me as I took leave of her the last time that I was at home, that she was afraid I had yet to learn how to economize."

"I hate the very word economy, don't you? It has such a vulgar sound, so countrified, you see. As if we were obliged to look at a cent on both sides before spending it. It does for old folks to preach of economy. I dare say we shall do it in our turn. But I am all impatience to get to Brown's. What are you waiting for? Isn't the husband willing for Kate to go out?"

"What nonsense! You know, Fanny, that Charles never interferes with my actions in any way. He never even inquires what becomes of all the money that he places at my disposal. I wish he did, though," added Kate, sighing deeply.

"Now, you ought to thank the generous stars who gave you to a man not disposed to meddle. No woman likes to have her affairs too curiously

looked into, even by her liege lord; and you, Kate, would not be particularly charmed to have your husband study out the sum total of your liabilities."

"You are hardly fair, Fanny. It was your persuasion that induced me to buy that last hat."

"My persuasion!"

"Yes, indeed. Did you not say that you knew Charles's taste so well, and that he would be delighted with it? Well, he thinks it a fright, and I have wished over and over again that I had never seen it, but it is too late to wish about it. I gave it to Maria, the daughter of our laundress, and a pretty figure *she* cuts in it."

"Well, well, that has nothing to do with the new silks at Brown's. You can go with me and look at them, I suppose, if you do not purchase."

"Yes, I should like the walk. I feel so dull and low-spirited."

"Meditating on mamma's whisper of economy is what has caused it. Now, Kate, if only the thought of economy produces such troubled looks and faint spirits, what would the practice of it do?"

The two ladies were soon busily engaged in the inspection of the new goods, and the morning hours slipped by unperceived. Kate was soon, as Miss Bryant said, herself again, and mamma's wise suggestion was forgotten. Again Kate yielded to the influence of her friend, and before they left the shop each had purchased a fancy silk, to be worn at a large party that was to be given the next week. It is true that a few misgivings crossed the mind of Mrs. Lane as she selected the rich trimming, but the lively, piquant remarks of her friend drove away the gathering cloud, and she listened with a pleased look to the sugared compliments of the polite merchant.

It was, however, only for a short time that she forgot the real state of her affairs, and now, for the first time, she asked Mr. Brown to favor her with the amount of her bill. She put it in her pocket without looking at it, and really vexed with herself for her easy compliance with Fanny's wishes, and half angry with her friend for interfering so readily in her affairs. She began to retrace her way homeward in so sad and silent a mood that Miss Bryant, who had been exulting in the success of her plans for her, was quite ready to take leave at the door and hurry off to call on other acquaintances. Kate hurried up stairs to her own room and sat down almost in despair.

"It was only this morning," she said to herself, "that I sat here and resolved so sincerely that I would never buy on credit again. And here is a costly dress that I do not need or want added to

the rest, because I am so weak and foolish that I dare not act for myself. I am a mere tool that Fanny uses as she pleases. I am certain," she continued after a pause, "that Charles does not know her. He would not, I am sure, trust me so often with her if he did. He is too open and unsuspecting himself to observe the fatal influence that she exerts over me. I must break with her or she will ruin me. But, then, a reason for it must be given, and so the whole truth will come out, and what shall I do when Charles knows how little I am to be trusted? Is there no other way?"

She mechanically pulled out the merchant's account and looked it over. The amount startled her. "Eighty dollars for laces only! O me! I could not have believed it. Six hundred dollars in all, and then I owe two hundred more to Fanny, who would ask it of Charles directly if I offended her. I know what I will do. I will go home to mamma and tell her every thing. She will love her poor Kate just the same, and though she can not help me pay this money I shall feel better if she knows all. And this last silk, why, it will do for sister Clara. Mamma wrote for me to send out such a dress for her, and I, in my trouble, quite forgot it."

Kate's face brightened perceptibly as she took up her mother's letter and read it over the second time. "How fortunate!" she exclaimed. "It seems that I have bought exactly what mamma requires."

Another piece of good fortune was in store for Kate. A visitor was announced, an unwelcome visitor, too; a lady who was particularly disliked in society because of her vulgar attempts at costly and especially gorgeous display; often setting all rules of propriety at defiance in her efforts to outdo others. It was, therefore, with feelings little akin to pleasure that Kate met her in the parlor.

"Ah, Mrs. Lane, how charmingly you look! A little pale, to be sure, but that is becoming to you. My Augusta tells me that a lily complexion is now quite the fashion. It is thought so interesting. But Augusta is so rosy naturally, and is so disgusted by her own color, that she suffers dreadfully. You would hardly believe me, Mrs. Lane, if I should tell you of the quantity of chalk and cloves that she has taken to destroy the red in her cheeks, but it is of no use, she is as flowery as a milkmaid. Mr. Larkin, dear good soul, advises her to try gravestones. What do you think of it?"

"I don't know, indeed," replied Kate, laughing at the idea.

"But I have another trouble this morning, Mrs.

Lane, and how I am ever to meet Augusta I don't know. The poor girl will be in despair."

"What has happened?" asked Kate, becoming serious as she saw the evident perplexity of her visitor.

"Nothing has happened, but Augusta, dear girl, went to Church last Sabbath, and Miss Fanny Bryant wore a shawl that so captivated her fancy that she is sure she shall never be contented again without a similar one. I have been over the whole city in vain. There are some very much like Miss Bryant's at Warren's, but nothing short of the exact pattern will do. Augusta is very particular, and Miss Bryant is her model in dress."

Kate could hardly help laughing again as she remembered Fanny's vexation at being so exactly copied by the young lady in question, and once the plan now suggested to her mind would have been discarded as treacherous to her friend, but she began to see things in their true light and replied without hesitation:

"There were only two shawls of that pattern. They were sold at Brown's. Miss Bryant took one and I bought the other. I have worn mine only once, and as I have no particular preference for the pattern and can easily suit myself with another, Miss Augusta can have it if she chooses."

The calm tones of Kate's voice hardly corresponded with the quick throbbing of her heart as a prospect of materially lightening her embarrassments thus opened before her.

"Now, will you really be so obliging? I declare it must have been Providence that sent me in here," said Mrs. Parker suddenly becoming pious as her troubles vanish, "and truly, as the Scripture says, 'A friend in need is a friend indeed.' Augusta will die with delight. Let me take the shawl to her myself, Mrs. Lane, if it is not making too much trouble. I shall never forget your kindness. But it is like you, Mrs. Lane. Every body is speaking of your goodness; even poor Mrs. Churchill—whose baby you dressed so prettily after it was dead—says she shall never be contented till she does the same for you. What is the price of this shawl?"

Kate had sent for it and Mrs. Parker had been unfolding it and gazing admiringly upon it while speaking.

"Two hundred dollars, ma'am."

"Indeed! And Miss Bryant paid that for hers?"

"Yes. The price was the same."

"Well, it seems a great sum to pay, but Augusta would not wear a lower-priced one. So here is the money, and thank you too. Let me

know if I can oblige you at any time. You will excuse me if I hurry home. I want to see her try it on. Won't she be pleased, though?"

And the really thankful mother hurried off with her prize, leaving Kate in a still more grateful frame of mind.

"How angry Fanny will be when she sees that shawl worn!" she thought as she went back to her room; "but it is not so unfair as it is for her to take such advantage of my inexperience as she does. It seems sometimes as if she really contrived ways to get me involved in debt; but she could have no interest in doing that, and so I will not wrong her. But I *will* in future act for myself, and no more unnecessary articles will I buy till these are paid for. I am resolved on that, at any rate."

There was a lurking doubt and trembling at the bottom of her stout resolutions, a little of irresolute dread in her heart, as she thought how frequently she had yielded to temptation; but her face wore a happier expression than it had for months, and she met Charles with something of the old confident smile when he came to dinner. He, hailing it as an omen of future content, became in his turn unusually cheerful.

"I want to go home this afternoon, Charles."

"Is not this home?" he asked, his face growing serious as he attributed her restored spirits to her anticipation of meeting her friends.

"Yes. This is the dearest, the best home, and I shall hurry back to-morrow. I shall not take you away from all the business that you so love to worry over, and you will hardly miss me before the morning train brings me back again."

"You must bring sister Clara back with you. Is it not time for another visit from mamma? Tell them to come directly. My pet is getting lonesome. Ah! that smile does not deceive me, Katie; I've seen it for a long time."

"You are certainly mistaken, Charles."

"And you are certainly happy, Katie?" he asked. "Can you say that?"

Her cheek crimsoned and she hesitated painfully as she strove to answer gayly.

"Ah, Kate, what shall I do to make you happy?"

"Nothing. Indeed, Charles, I have all I want, and if I am sometimes a little out of spirits, it is not your fault. I'm getting old and steady, you see."

"Well, well, bring back some of the folks with you. I will go to the station and see you safely off, and I shall come out myself in the evening train."

Her smile of pleasure on hearing this assured

him that whatever might be the cause of her unhappiness, it was not a want of affection for him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SPICE ISLANDS

VISITED IN THE SEA OF EDITORIAL READING.*

EXPERIENCE THE EMOLUMENT OF AGE.

SHOULD we inquire if age has any emolument, we are reminded of the wealth of experience. Are not the whole beautiful, ever-moving world of the young, in poverty for the want of it? searching, trying, tasting, snatching at garlands and grasping thorns, chasing meteors, embarking on fathomless tides, and in danger of being swallowed up by quicksands? The aged, through toil and hazard, through the misery of mistake, or the pains of penitence, have won it. Safe in their casket are gems polished by long attrition, and gold-dust, well-washed, perchance, in fountains of tears.

SYMPATHIES IN THE FIELD OF INTELLECT.

The sympathies that spring from community of labor in the field of intellect are salutary and graceful. Those minds that are above the petty asperities of rivalry, have often thus enjoyed a friendship of singular depth and fervor.

COLUMNS OF INTELLECT.

If the founders of those time-honored edifices, on which the storms of ages have beaten in vain, are regarded with reverence, is it not a privilege to be permitted to rear, in the realm of intellect, columns on whose Corinthian capital lingers the smile of Heaven as a never-setting sun?

WHAT CHARITY IS.

Every good act is charity. Your smiling in your brother's face is charity; an exhortation of your fellow-man to virtuous deeds is equal to alms-giving; your putting a wanderer in the right road is charity; your assisting the blind is charity; your removing stones, and thorns, and other obstructions, from the road, is charity; your giving water to the thirsty is charity. A man's true wealth hereafter is the good he does in this world to his fellow-man. When he dies people will say, "What property has he left behind him?" But the angels will ask, "What good deeds has he sent before him?"

* Past Meridian. By Mrs. L. H. Sigourney. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. 239 pp.

LIFE'S WARFARE.

BY AMANDA T. JONES.

It is a toilsome task to walk
The "straight and narrow way;"
And tempters stand on every side,
To lead the soul astray.

And oft, deceived by guileful words,
The spirit will not heed
The warning voice, but walketh on
Where'er the tempters lead.

Pride chills the foolish, wayward heart,
With bitter, scornful tone,
Till Love unfurls her snow-white wings,
And leaves the soul alone.

Suspicion weaves her dark conceits,
And cons them o'er and o'er,
Till heavenly Faith, with golden robe,
Walks with the soul no more.

Deceit, with hollow, harmful wiles
And heart of dark unrest,
Robs Truth, bright seraph, of her home
Within the yielding breast.

The fire that Passion kindles there,
Ungoverned by control,
Leaves Purity no dwelling-place
Within the troubled soul.

And Justice can not rule the heart
Where Jealousy hath sway;
And Hatred, with her bitter frown,
Drives Charity away.

Ah! the weak soul! It toileth on
At warfare all the while;
On life's dark clouds it scarce can see
The bow of promise smile.

Its firm resolves, its earnest hopes,
Its yearnings after light,
Are transient as the idle words
The winds do sing at night.

Still onward—onward to the grave
Its hurrying footsteps tend;
In mystery its path begins,
In mystery doth it end.

Yet not alone the soul doth go;
Bright messengers of light
Are walking with it day by day
To guide its steps aright.

And when the tempters have deceived,
And led the soul astray,
O tenderly they call it back
To walk the narrow way!

And more than all, the Father's hand
His erring child doth hold;
The loving Shepherd guardeth well
The lambkin of the fold.

Then faint not, soul, that stumbleth on
Awary and unblest;
A little while—thy Father's voice
Will summon thee to rest.

And then within the pearly gates,
Beside the tree of life,
How light a thing, amid thy bliss,
Will seem thine earthly strife!

Joy to thee, then! a conqueror's crown
Shall gild thy spirit-brow;
And not a soul that dwelleth there
Shall be more blest than thou.

GOD'S PROVIDENCE.

BY ALICE CARY.

LEST the great glory from on high
Should make our senses swim,
He spread a little patch of sky
Between ourselves and him.

He made the Sabbath shine before
The work-days and the care,
And set about its golden door
The messengers of prayer.

Across our earthly pleasures fled
He sends his heavenly light,
Like morning streaming broad and red
Adown the skirts of night.

He nearest comes when most his face
Is wrapt in clouds of gloom;
The firmest pillars of his grace
Are planted in the tomb.

O shall we not the power of sin
And vanity withstand,
When thus our Father holds us in
The hollow of his hand!

NEARING THE DARK RIVER.

BY HARRIET P. WASON.

UP and down the mystic Jordan,
O'er its shadowy banks I stray,
To wait the dark, upheaving billow
That will bear me hence away.

Past is now the anxious struggle,
Life's conflicting scenes adieu;
Fading, like a troubled vision—
All is fading from my view.

Fainter grows my heart's low beating—
Beating slowly in my breast;
Like a funeral knell, it brings me
Nearer, nearer to my rest.

Why, my soul, this sinking trembling?
Light is gleaming through the shade,
And a loving presence whispers,
"It is I, be not afraid."

The shining ones are gathering near me,
To and fro I see them glide;
Heaven to earth, and earth to heaven,
Bring they at the water's side.

Peace, sweet peace, is breathed upon me—
All is peace and joy divine;
Farewell death, and sin, and darkness,
Life, eternal life is mine.

LEADING JOURNALS AND JOURNALISM IN EUROPE.

BY WM. T. COGGESHALL.

NEWSPAPERS in America are a necessity to the people quite as much as they are instruments or vehicles for parties, sects, or classes.

In Europe they are instruments or vehicles for classes, parties, or sects, possessing influence or authority, rather than the outgrowth of a demand on the part of the people for news, literature, polemics, or politics.

The masses of the people must be intelligent where daily and weekly journals are expected to become a popular element. Every body does not read and write in Europe, and those who do are not permitted, at all times, to read or write whatever conscience or inclination may suggest. Where there is free speech there is a free press, and only where it is free can the newspaper become an individual power. Despotism and discussion have a literary affinity in alliteration; but that is the only affinity between them. They are as distinctly antagonistic as good and evil, and for the same reason.

The idea of a news bulletin did not originate in England; but the newspaper did, and the Government of Great Britain is now the only one in Europe which permits liberal, independent journalism—in which freedom stamps newspapers with individuality. England, France, and Germany possess the only journals exercising other than local influence. A London daily paper is the leading journal of Europe.

The character of governments being understood, the following table is a clear index to the opportunity and essential value of journalism among European nations:

TABLE OF PAPERS AND POPULATION.*

Names of Countries.	No. Papers.	Population.
Great Britain.....	561.....	27,475,271
France.....	490.....	32,000,000
Prussia.....	288.....	12,418,000
Saxony.....	183.....	1,550,000
Russia.....	154.....	62,088,000
Netherlands.....	150.....	8,000,000
Bavaria.....	126.....	4,520,000
Greece.....	120.....	1,002,000
Sweden and Norway.....	82.....	2,598,000
Denmark.....	80.....	1,950,000
Austria.....	74.....	12,750,000
Hanover.....	32.....	1,760,000
Spain.....	24.....	12,168,774
Portugal.....	20.....	3,473,758
Turkey.....	17.....	12,000,000
Two Sicilies.....	6.....	8,000,000
Rome.....	3.....	154,000
Total.....	2,733.....	299,205,803
United States.....	2,800.....	23,191,876

* The statistics in this table are not for the same year in different countries, but in each the number of papers is for the same year as the population given; and all are from the latest accessible records.

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The insignificance of Rome in the foregoing table will not be overlooked. Throughout Italy the press is under severe censorship. Political and religious despotism work there, legitimate fruits. Excepting in Piedmont, Italian papers are the weak servitors of a will that dreads intelligence. The same element is in force against the dissemination of news, with reflections upon political or Church events in other kingdoms and empires; but no where is surveillance so severe as in Italy, and no where is the press so paltry. Neither the journalism of Russia, Turkey, or Portugal, possesses characteristics which entitle it to special consideration; but in Greece comparative freedom is secured by a martyrdom for the sake of public interest, which deserves notice. A publisher must make a large deposit with the Government to pay fines; and an editor must be announced who is responsible to the tribunals for whatever appears in his columns. A company having raised the necessary deposit, some one who will endure imprisonment—commonly an indigent student—is employed as editor, and the paper is conducted in a fearless spirit.

In Spain there is a degree of liberality which permits the discussion of measures of public necessity, so long as no offense is given to the royal family, the state, public peace, society, religion and morals, authority, or foreign powers and persons. In Sweden newspapers are not afraid of politics, and certain journals have exerted lasting influence in directing public taste, and awakening public opinion. In Germany and France, over and above, or in defiance of legislative restraint, several journals have acquired independent recognition. The first regular newspaper of Germany appeared at Frankfurt, in 1615. At the beginning of the year 1851, northern Germany, mostly Protestant, had a population of 24,754,000 persons, and 1,105 journals; while southern Germany, mostly Catholic, had 322 journals, and a population of 20,405,000 persons. The Augsburg Gazette has 20,000 subscribers; the Cologne Gazette, 17,000; the National Gazette, at Berlin, 12,000. Not more than three others in the confederation circulate over 3,000 copies. While correspondence and belles-lettres are encouraged by the German editors, their papers are heavy. They need, for an American at least, sprightliness and enterprise. The most influential are not leaders among the people, but representatives of authority.

French journals are required to represent authority; but they differ from German papers just as Frenchmen differ from Germans. They are lively, gay, versatile. Journalism began in France

in 1632. Originally Government made grants for the support of news organs; but during the reign of Louis Philippe four hundred and twenty-nine prosecutions were instituted against the press, fifty-seven papers were destroyed, and sixty-nine others were persecuted with severity. Louis Napoleon is not more favorable to the freedom of the press than was Louis Philippe. He knows its power, and will exert the whole force of his Government, and all its artful diplomacy, to control that power. At the discretion of the Emperor an editor may forfeit \$40,000, be punished by imprisonment, or be transported. When a newspaper offends, or threatens to offend, if the offense be not serious, it is warned. If it takes the warning it may continue; if it persists in rebellion it is at once discontinued, and its conductors are punished. But the Government wisely prefers not to suppress prominent journals, and within certain narrow limits leniently suffers any gentle bearing toward independence which they may exhibit. The press of Paris is the press of France. In 1812 there were forty-five newspapers in the French empire; in 1846 the provinces had two hundred and eighty journals, and in all France there were three hundred and forty-three, of which twenty-seven were published daily. Since that period the number in the provinces has not increased, while Paris, growing in central power, by its disastrous revolutions as well as through its material prosperity, has given literary men and politicians wide opportunity for distinction in new papers. French journals especially encourage fiction, romantic biography, sketches of adventure, piquant reviews, and satires on society. For this encouragement nearly one-half of the prominent sheets is appropriated, and that is not taken longitudinally, as in American papers, but across the page. When one takes up a Parisian daily paper, he will find the news and advertisements divided from the literary department by a heavy rule, which runs across the page about one-third way up from the bottom. This department is known as the "Fueilton"—a "feature" of journalism introduced by the *Journal des Debats* fifty-six years ago. The most remarkable men of France write *feuilletons*, and different journals are known and desired, rather according to the excellence of this one "feature" than for news enterprise, or political tact, or discretion. The newspaper, therefore, in France, is not, as in England, a power independent of personal influence or reputation, but it is a medium through which Lamartine, Dumas, Sue, Sand, and men and women of less skill, influence the public mind, reap pecuniary reward, become notorious, or build up repu-

tations. In 1853 seven of the principal journals of Paris circulated 110,500 copies daily. The largest circulation was enjoyed by *Le Siecle*, and that was 24,000 copies. In 1855, *La Press*, a journal established in 1836, printed daily 42,646 copies, and in the course of a year paid 1,226,804 francs duty. It was then the most successful of Parisian papers. The leading papers in France are high priced—from four to twelve cents per copy—but there are smaller papers which publish tales, and criticism, with illustrations, at one *sou* a sheet. In Paris they are sold readily, but in the provinces the great body of the people have neither inclination nor opportunity to indulge even the cheapest reading. Paris may be, as is claimed, the center of civilization, but France is not the center of general intelligence. Prussia, even, is its superior in that regard. We know that the French are a gay people, and we give them credit for intelligence; but we gain our impressions of their characteristics from cities, not from lesser towns and rural districts.

In America we hear seldom of English newspapers outside of London; yet there are mercantile and political papers of ability and influence in Edinburgh, Dublin, Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, and other cities. Journalism began in England in 1619. The first printed journal in the world, issued regularly, was begun at London, in August, 1662. Not only did the first of weekly papers start in London, but also of semi-weekly and of daily—the former in 1665, the latter in 1709.

In 1829 there were two hundred and fifty-four periodical papers in Great Britain, and fifty-five in London—thirteen daily, with a total circulation of not over 40,000 copies. In 1850 Great Britain had five hundred and forty-two papers, of which one hundred and thirty-three were in London—fourteen daily. It is worth while to notice that at the end of twenty-one years the number of London daily papers had only been increased by one; but while the circulation of thirteen, in 1829, was not over 40,000 copies, in 1850 the circulation of fourteen was not less than 70,000. And here another fact of peculiar significance should be presented. In 1829 the *Times* printed 10,000 copies; in 1850 its daily circulation was 38,000; and in 1854, while the circulation of all other daily papers was 26,268 copies, that of the *Times* was 51,648.

The overwhelming growth of this one journal can not be fully understood without some acquaintance with the restraints to which the dissemination of knowledge has been subject in Great Britain.

In the seventeenth century the press was under a censorship which threatened a careless or reckless publisher with the pillory, with the loss of his ears, or a brand advertising him as a seditious libeler. In 1693 this censorship was abolished, and for eighteen years the press was free from tyrannous restraint. Then the newspaper, as an organ of intelligence and of opinion, fairly began. It became a power which the Government was constrained to watch jealously. Men of ingenuity were encouraged to devise ways and means for its restraint. Good policy forbade force. Pecuniary restraint was agreed upon. For the avowed purpose of checking the licentiousness of the press, it was ordered, in 1712, that all newspapers should be printed upon paper stamped by the Government, and for this stamp the Government charged one-halfpenny on each sheet. Gradually this tax was raised, till in 1836 it amounted to fourpence, less twenty per cent. This not proving such a "check" as the Government required, a tax of twenty-four cents was levied on advertisements. Parliament had gone too far; and in 1837 was induced to reduce the stamp tax to one penny for the regular sheet, and one-halfpenny for each supplement. In 1853 supplements not larger than a half-sheet were allowed unstamped. In 1837 the advertisement tax, which had risen to eighty-four cents, was reduced to thirty-three cents, and in 1853 it was entirely removed. In 1855 the stamp tax was also removed. British journalism is now free from tax, and publishers, so far as Government is concerned, are on an equality; but so long has the Times derived advantage from laws which oppressed other journals, that, in spite of the sternest opposition, it will be able to hold its foremost place. Capital and skill have always worked together in the conduct of the Times. The advertisement tax was levied without regard to the circulation of journals; consequently, the advertiser sought the most widely read, giving the Times an immense and increasing advantage over all cotemporaries.

The Times has always been a leader. It was the first journal in the world which employed a steam press—in 1814. It has the ablest reporters and the ablest correspondents in Europe. Whenever a question agitates the public mind, it has "leaders" which declare a thorough mastery of the topic. Though it has pluck and enterprise, it is always rather with public opinion than in advance of it, and therefore it has public confidence, which not only widens its circulation, but increases its advertising. It is the only journal in Great Britain which issued extra supplements, and the

only one, therefore, which derived advantage from the law exempting supplements from tax. In March, 1850, three double supplements were issued in one week, to "bring up" the advertisements. In 1853 as many as one thousand advertisements were received in one day. Six lines were then inserted for about one dollar, and the advertising income was estimated at \$2,000 per day. In 1851 the profits of the Times were estimated at £50,000. The clear gain by the abolishment of supplement stamps was £22,000, and the gain by the abolition of the advertisement duty was over £30,000 a year. These gains, with the increase of business, must have much more than doubled the profits since 1851. It would be idle to speculate upon the value of stock in the Times establishment. The paper is owned by a company. Its editor-in-chief is rather a manager than a writer. No individual is known as a writer through the Times, nor does it ever make editorial mention of any of its cotemporaries. The editor can not be seen. He can only be reached by letter. The Times is an eight-page folio. About four pages may contain the average number of advertisements. There are always two or three articles on topics of general interest—a city article—reports of any public movements of importance—police and market reports—deaths and marriages—occasionally a review or an obituary—foreign correspondence, and items of "royal intelligence." Till the abolition of the stamp duty the subscription price of the Times was about \$32. Since 1855, to city subscribers it has been reduced the price of the stamp. Other papers in London are as expensive as the Times, and every merchant and mechanic does not, as in America, have his morning paper. The poor rarely enjoy the reading of a first-class journal, and many who do read the news regularly, take it at second-hand. Papers are let at so much an hour; and after a city circle has read them, they are sent to country subscribers, the stamp entitling them to go through the mails free, as long as enough of them hangs together to allow the stamp to be seen. Eating and drinking houses offer an extra inducement to parties when they announce, "Two morning papers taken here." Thousands of prosperous citizens of England read newspapers only at the gin-shop, or dining-saloon.

The following statement, showing the increase of newspapers in Great Britain, from 1782 to 1853, will interest the curious reader:

	1782.	1790.	1801.	1853.
England.....	62	60	136	393
Scotland.....	8	7	31	77
Ireland.....	3	9	66	91
Total.....	63	76	222	561

Of these five hundred and sixty-one journals in Great Britain, ninety-one began before 1800—five between 1600 and 1700; thirty between 1700 and 1750; and fifty-six between 1750 and 1800. The oldest paper in England is the London Mercury—established in 1695—the oldest in Scotland, the Evening Courant, of Edinburgh, commenced in 1705; the oldest in Ireland, the Dublin Gazette, first published in 1711.

The London Times was established in 1788; the Advertiser, its most successful competitor, in 1794. The oldest daily paper in London is the Public Ledger, begun in 1709. It is a commercial journal of small circulation. The News, the Chronicle, the Herald, and the Post, are the London daily journals, after the Times and Advertiser, best known. Their relative importance in 1854 is here exhibited:

	Copies Daily.
Times.....	51,200
Advertiser.....	7,688
News.....	4,160
Herald.....	3,712
Chronicle.....	2,800
Post.....	2,667
Total.....	72,227
Times.....	51,200
Five others.....	21,027
Difference in favor of the Times.....	30,173

The total circulation of London daily, tri-weekly, semi-weekly, and weekly papers, in 1854, was 381,912 copies. The largest circulation for any weekly was 109,106. Out of London there was, in 1853, no paper which circulated in the aggregate over a million of copies. In 1853 Great Britain had sixteen daily papers, of which two were published in Ireland and one in Scotland. Since the abolition of the stamp tax cheap daily papers have been started in several of the English cities, but not one has as yet been successful. They aim to compete with the chief London journals, when they should aim to interest and instruct the people among whom they appear, who are not able to buy or hire the papers of the metropolis.

From this cursory review of leading journalism in Europe, the observant reader may obtain at least a glimpse of the difference which lies, not so much between individual papers, as between the journalism of America and of Europe. More attention is given in Europe to literature, to the drama, and to the fine arts. Editorials, reviews, and obituaries generally are written with strict regard to literary excellence—to style. There is, however, among American newspapers more vivacity than among the English and German, and more enterprise in the securing of the latest news, than among either English, German, or French journals.

In England, literary and religious papers have a very wide circulation. The Illustrated News had, in 1853, over 80,000 subscribers, and Bell's Life, a sporting and literary weekly, had 27,000. The Family Herald, a literary weekly of moral tone, had, in 1850, about 175,000 patrons. It is a penny paper, and does not publish news.

Though steam was first employed as a pressman in London, mechanical improvements in printing have advanced more widely in America than in Europe. Now the London Times is about to employ cylinder presses manufactured by Hoe & Co., in New York. Such facts show that, though in Europe the press is more dignified, in America it has more enterprise and wider circulation. When time from absorbing material pursuits can be secured by our people, we shall have, not only in our magazines, but in our newspapers, that dignity and character which culture imparts.

MYSTERY ALL AROUND.

THE chamber in which the infant opens its eyes is a universe of mysteries. The father's voice, the mother's smile, reveal to it slowly the mysterious world of the affections. The child solves many of these mysteries; but as the circle of knowledge is enlarged, its vision is always bound by a veil of mystery. The sun that wakens it at morning, and again at night looks in at its window to bid it farewell, the tree that shades its home, and in whose branches the birds come and sing before the dews are dry, the clouds with shining edges that move across the sky, calm and stately like the chariot of an angel, all are mysteries. Nay, to grown-up man there is not a thing which the hand touches, or on which the eye rests, which is not enveloped in mystery. The flower that springs at your feet—who has revealed the wonderful secret of its organization? Its roots shoot down, and leaf and flower rise up and expand into the infinite abyss of mystery. We are like emigrants traveling through an unknown wilderness; they stop at night by a flowing stream; they feed their horses, set up their tent, and build a fire; and as the flames rise up, all within the circle of a few rods around is distinct and clear in its light. But beyond and bounding this, are rocks dimly seen, and trees with vague outline stoop forward to the blaze; and beyond the branches creak, and the waters murmur over their beds; and wild, unknown animals howl in the dark realms of night and silence.—*Westchester News.*

ACTION OF THE WAVES UPON THE SEA-SHORE.

THE sound of grating and grinding pebbles on sea-beaches is doubtless familiar to the ears of our readers, and gratefully contrasts with the rolling clatter and thunder of wheels over city granite blocks. A most important lesson in geology may be derived from this source. We may conclude that this friction, if continued for ages, must not only wear down the pebbles to sand, but also grind away and smooth down even the hard rocks exposed to such powerful action. But when the observer sees huge masses of rock tumbled about by breakers arising from a heavy gale of wind blowing on shore from over a wide-spread open sea, or from long lines of waves, known to nautical men as a *ground-swell*, then he not only learns to value the force of the water itself when projected against a coast or cliff, but also the additional power it possesses of abrading the cliffs opposed to the breakers, by the size and abundance of the shingles held in suspension by the waves. Each of these becomes, in fact, a battering-ram propelled against the natural wall. To appreciate the power of breakers, let the reader repair to an exposed coast, such as that around the Land's End, in Cornwall, or the western islands of Scotland, or the west and north of Ireland. Let him be there during a heavy and long gale of wind from the westward, and mark the effect of the great Atlantic billows as they dash upon the shores. The rocks in such situations will be found to be scooped and hollowed into the most fantastic forms: and yet they were hard rocks, and are still hard; for no other could resist the immense and violent breakers which, with little intermission, drive upon them. Blocks of rock resting upon the shore are propelled some distance forward by the repeated blows of such breakers; and others, though firmly bolted down upon piers, are often loosened and thrown off, and cast aside into more sheltered positions.

Engineers find it extremely difficult to erect pier harbors in such positions, which shall long and successfully resist the destructive power of breakers. Stephenson, the builder of the Eddystone lighthouse, found, by experiment at the Bell Rock and Skerryvore lighthouses, that while the force of the breakers on the side of the German Ocean may be taken at about a tun and a half upon every square foot of surface exposed to them, the Atlantic breakers fall with about double that weight, or three tuns to the square foot; and thus we reckon that a surface of only two square

yards would sustain a blow from a heavy Atlantic breaker equal to about fifty-four tuns! When, in November, 1824, a heavy gale blew, and another at the beginning of 1829, blocks of limestone and granite from two to five tuns in weight were washed about like pebbles at the Plymouth breakwater. About three hundred tuns of such blocks were borne a distance of two hundred feet, and up the inclined plane of the breakwater; and they were carried over it and scattered in various directions. A block of limestone, *seven tuns* in weight, was in one place washed a distance of one hundred and fifty feet. Blocks of two or three tuns' weight were torn away by a single blow of a breaker, and hurled over into a harbor; and one of nearly two tuns, strongly trenailed down upon a jetty, was torn away and tossed upward by an overpowering breaker.

A diligent and accurate traveler along our sea-coasts would find numerous instances and illustrations of the abrading power of the waves, and their small and large shot—their pebbles and boulders. In some places frequented by fashionable visitors, much of the scenic interest is derived from the results of this powerful natural agency. At Freshwater, in the Isle of Wight, thousands of tourists have been struck with the natural arch hollowed out in an outstanding rock in the sea. The celebrated "Needles," standing up so picturesquely on the coast of the same island, are detached portions of rock separated from the main mass on the shore by the same unceasing power. Less known, but not less interesting instances are to be found on other portions of our coasts. The cliffs near Bedruthan, in Cornwall, show the way in which rocks are cut back by the breakers. There several larger and smaller islets have been formed by an abrasion of the rocks, and there we see how the portions that stand out as islands have resisted—as in other cases of the same kind—the breakers, because they are somewhat harder than those abraded and washed away. Arches and caves are formed by the rushing of the breakers round some projecting point or headland. A hollow is thus worked out, and this, from the continuance of the same destructive action, is enlarged, till the roof, from want of support, falls in, and the projecting point finally becomes an island, around which the breakers still continue to work their watery way, gradually increasing its distance from the mainland, and in the course of centuries lessen and lastly overflow the island itself.

By their action—never pausing day or night, in summer or winter—continued upon rocks of unequal hardness and resisting power, long channels and creeks and coves of every variety of form are

scooped out in some situations, while hard rocks protrude in others. The coves afford shelter to fishermen, the hard ledges of rock act as natural piers in other places; and the fantastic shapes of islet rocks and caves and hollows add to the picturesqueness of particular localities, and to the coffers of hotel-keepers, lodging-house proprietors, and the whole crew of harpies who infest and despoil every needy or economical geologist who happens to take up his abode among them. We have sometimes thought that the abrading and wearing powers of the breakers find their human counterpart in the avaricious innkeeper or the hackneyed letter of "genteel apartments."

While upon the sea-shore, we may observe that almost every one of the favorite and much frequented watering-places would afford to the visitor interesting proofs of the encroaching and reducing force of the ocean. If we go to the coast of Sussex, we find that it has been encroached upon by the sea from time immemorial. During a period of no longer than eighty years, there are notices of about twenty inroads, in which tracts of land of from twenty to four hundred acres in extent were at once overwhelmed; the value of the tithes being mentioned in the *Taxatio Ecclesiastica*. That most fashionable watering-place, Brighton, is situated partly on the verge of an old town or village now swept away; for, in the reign of Elizabeth, the town of Brighton was situated on that tract where the chain-pier now extends into the sea. Twenty-two tenements had been destroyed under the cliff in the year 1665; and at that period there still remained under the cliff one hundred and thirteen tenements, the whole of which were overwhelmed in the years 1703 and 1705. No traces of the ancient town are now perceptible, and yet there is sufficient evidence that the sea has merely resumed its ancient position at the base of the cliffs, the site of the whole old town having been nothing but a sea-beach abandoned by the ocean for ages, and now claimed and resumed by the same resistless waters.

The sea has made similar encroachments at Bognor, another watering-place on the Sussex coast; and we were much struck at a proof of its encroachments coming within the range of our own personal experience. Upon a recent visit to this place, we sought in vain for a little cottage, one of a row which formerly stood close upon the sea, and where we in our childhood had been taken to lodge. We remembered the little scanty garden that stretched down close to the sea, and from the little gate of which we were wont to issue in childish delight, with wooden spade to

dig the sand, and, even then, to find shells and fossils, some of which we now retain. In vain, we say, we searched for it; and, upon inquiry of a storm-beaten fisherman, discovered that our own old cottage, and the whole old row, had been washed entirely away, and not a wreck was left behind. Thus, on sea-coasts, have whole villages and churches, and farms and farm-houses, disappeared within recognized periods. And others, like the Reculver Church, on the Kentish coast, are on the very margin of destruction, hanging, as it were, over the ocean, which evermore yawns to engulf its prey. Singular as it may seem, facts so obvious and so highly interesting are due to the notice only of modern geologists, and are sought for in vain in the earlier books; the authors of which delighted in hasty theory and rapid generalization, but neglected that patient toil and accumulative spirit of observation which alone can qualify a scholar in this science, and which might have preserved their own fame long after their foolish fancies and baseless theories had crumbled into dust. Sir Charles Lyell was among the first to accumulate this class of observations, and Sir Henry De La Beech, and others, have followed or accompanied him in the same course. We wish it to be remembered that every one who resorts to, or dwells upon a sea-coast, may add to these facts, or interest himself in verifying them.—*London Quarterly.*

A PRAYER.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

FATHER, while on earth I dwell,
May I do my duty well;
Every cross and burden bear,
Trusting well thy tender care;
Cheerly through the gloom press on;
Praying most when most forlorn;
Watching most in faintest hours;
Fearing most mid brightest flowers;
Clinging closest to thy side,
When most dangerously tried
By the evil voice within,
Tempting to some darling sin!
Thro' the fire and thro' the flood
Lead me safely, O my God!
Whatsoever the trial be,
Let it not o'ermaster me;
Let me in the furnace sing
Praise to thee, my God and King,
Looking forward to the day
When all grief shall pass away.
Teach me how to walk aright,
Be my shelter day and night;
And when life and toil are past,
Take me home to thee at last.

THE PIONEER COOKING-STOVE.

BY RONALD, OF INDIANA.

DOES any body know when cooking-stoves began? Were they invented all at once, like bass-wood hams? or shall we answer these questions as Topsy did those involving her origin, "Don't know—spect they growed?" The first approach that I remember, was an anciently fashioned "ten-plate," with a *place* to boil a tea-kettle or receive a frying-pan. The idea thus suggested was subsequently developed, till, as we enjoy our patent, premium, air-tight, or combination, which can roast, bake, boil, broil, and stew all at once, we are convinced that this is truly a progressive age, and we a progressive people—progressive alike in compromises, constitutions, and cookery.

Some of my fair readers may say, "No cooking-stoves! impossible! They *never could* get along without them." Softly, miss, just step over and ask your grandma. She will take pleasure in showing how breakfasts were done, and in cooking her dinners over again. She will tell you how she "baked her brains" over a roaring hickory fire—how she fretted about the oak wood, which would pop, snap, and smoke, but would not burn—how she was tried in temper by green beech, or a load of crooked limbs in harvest-time, till she raised a regular domestic row—how, fastened in the left side of the ample fireplace, was a "crane," with divers hooks of varied length, upon which were hung tea-kettle, stew-kettle, and mush-pot—how bread was baked for Sundays, rollings, huskings, quiltings, weddings, and in-fairs, in the brick-oven, and on smaller occasions in the Dutch-oven; and she will also tell you, what I honestly believe, that we have no such bread in these days. She will tell how johnny-cake was baked on a board, hoe-cake on a hoe, and ash-cake in the ashes; also, what a sensation was produced when some cute Yankee brought out the polished tin reflector, which had most pleasing *reflections*, for they produced luscious pumpkin-pies and delicious, creamy bircuit—such biscuit! I yet love to *reflect* upon those *reflected* biscuit—

They linger in my memory yet;
Nor ever did *their* crust deceive me—

and how admirably it baked turkeys, and how "sound it was on the goose question." She will also tell how, when Christmas came on, the fatted turkey, after decapitation, plucking, and stuffing, was hung up before a rousing fire, by a string which was twisted round harder and harder, till the twist threw it back, and round again the other

way, keeping up an impartial roasting and a "perpetual motion" on a small scale, while the dripping gravy was caught in a cup.

And many other marvels will she also relate of the ante-cook-stove period, marvels to you as wonderful as the Arabian Nights, or the events in the life of Dred. Washing-day, for instance, was an institution then—the iron and copper-kettles were carried out and swung in the shade of some willow or sycamore-tree, beside the "branch," where was plenty of soft-water.

But the cooking-stoves were invented. In an older state, and while living in town, we had owned the primitive article; but when we moved to a newer state, and into the country, we did as others—cooked by the fireplace. But ever and anon came the ominous intimations of what could be done in the culinary department if there was only a cook-stove. The neighbors looked with suspicion and surprise upon such suggestions; they implied dissatisfaction with the lot Providence had assigned us, and then it was putting on city airs. If it came it would destroy primitive simplicity, introduce a new class of artificial wants, would bring in luxury which had already ruined quite a number of ancient notions, and might thus ultimately dissolve the Union. These were grave constitutional questions; but history records more than one instance in which the kitchen cabinet has triumphed over the fears of alarmists and the *vox populi*.*

It stood firm; and soon an advocate appeared: near us lived a family of good neighbors—the "united head" of which had been Shakers, but had fled from "the village," because they thought it was "better to marry than to" stay there—the good ex-Shakeress said if her friends all died and left her to widowhood, it would be her last request to them to leave her a cooking-stove. Yet this only made the opposition stronger, for those who merely doubted before, were now convinced that if the Shakers used them, there could be no good in them.

The discussion lasted several months, and took a wide range, including, in addition to the political aspect, economics, hygiene, and aesthetics, and was argued objectively, subjectively, synthetically, and analytically. But there was an energy in the kitchen cabinet no opposition could subdue—it prevailed; and it was agreed that the stove should

*I think myself happy in having so formed this sentence as to get in this Latin. I fancy I see it in neat italics, and people looking upon it wonderingly, and saying, "What a scholar! Did he graduate at Yale?" Please don't tell them of the Dictionary of Quotations.

come if the "Union had to slide." What sort it should be, where to get it, and how to bring it, were grave questions. The farm lay about sixty miles from the Queen City, and about forty-seven from the then *young* capital of our own state. The comparative advantages of the two points were duly considered, and decided in favor of the capital, much from the same reason which induces a man to employ a quack in preference to a good physician, because he belongs to his own Church.

The stove and its furniture were purchased, and wagoned the forty-seven miles, much of it over our primitive railroads, so trying to eggs and elliptic springs. Having been long expected, the news of the arrival spread rapidly; and our kind neighbors gathered in to help unload—very kind were they, and much disinterested—albeit they did want to see how the thing looked.

Well might they. It was a curiosity—it would be a greater curiosity now. Its total cost was sixty-five dollars in good money, the transportation some ten or fifteen more. It was a substantial stove, containing, in the matter of metal, enough for six such stoves as are cast in these degenerate days. As to appearance, I would describe it if I could. I find myself much in the predicament of a teamster, who was given to undue profanity. While hauling a load of ashes up a long hill, some mischievous elves came softly up and displaced the bottom of the bed so that the ashes would gradually escape. They then slipped past him, and secreted themselves where they knew he would stop his team, expecting to hear him swear like "our army did in Flanders;" but when he discovered the trick, and saw the rich trail up and down the hill-side, he drew a long breath, heaved a deep sigh, and said, "It's no use—the English language can't do justice to the occasion." The readers of this magazine know my acquaintance with, and command of the nervous, explosive descriptives of our language; but I "can't do justice" to that stove! Venerable mass of monumental iron! vast pile of pot-metal!

"Who knows what master laid thy keel,
What workman wrought thy ribs of iron;
What forges rang, what anvils beat,
In what a blast and what heat
Were made thy" cap, dampers, etc.?

The inventor's name has escaped my memory—strange it should, for it is my mature conviction, that many a poor fellow has been pilloried for less atrocious deeds than inventing that stove.

Its plan was a double rotary movement. The top, pierced for several boilers, was rotary, and,

using the language of a boarding-school young lady, "all devolved on a pivot," so each kettle and pot was in turn directly over the fire-chamber. The oven also rotated by a cog-wheel movement, and was worked by a crank, so, after one side had baked awhile, the other could be wheeled next the fire and share its turn. Where, or how the pipe was placed I can't tell; I know it was so fixed it wouldn't draw.

It was lifted out, the pieces counted, compared with the bill, and pronounced correct. The double-rotary movement, the cog-wheel, and crank, excited much admiration. The *machine* was run nearly all that night.

The capacity of the stove to prepare alimentary substance was then argued in detail. The great question was, "Will it bake corn-bread?" It was argued pro and con. I, miserable sinner, hoped it wouldn't, for I didn't want to see a dodger for six months. We had no distilleries then, and the best we could do was to eat the corn—we and the hogs—hence, corn-bread was an essential. The young suitor asked, ere he popped the question, "Can she make good corn-bread?" Lacking this, music, drawing, embroidery, French, and dancing went for nothing. The majority decided in the negative; but the kitchen cabinet and the ex-Shakeress argued the affirmative most strenuously—subsequent developments proved the majority half right, for it never did more than half-bake a pone.

Of course the autobiography I published in this monthly some years ago, is distinctly remembered by every reader. I had occasion in that document to state that I have ever been a persecuted man. Take this fact in proof: I was made wood-purveyor of this stove. Green wood it refused to recognize, and ignored some sorts of seasoned. It would burn none unless split into kindling. But the selection and hauling of the fuel depended upon others. I found myself as bad off as the Israelites required to make brick without straw—finely-split dry wood was required of me by the kitchen cabinet, while I received nothing but load after load of green limbs or unsplitable chunks. At length even my sweet temper gave way, and I stopped the team, saying, unless I could have dry wood I wouldn't cut another stick, and they might do the best they could for dinner. The master of the team saw that my purpose was taken, and said, "Why, *the man* is in earnest!" The seasoned wood came, and I ever bore the title of *the man*.

That stove seemed possessed of strange intelligence. Let strangers, or especially honored guests, arrive, and bake it wouldn't. In vain did

I split the wood fine, and cross the wood; in vain would I fall an ash rail and "cut up the lap," bake it would not. In vain did we take out the ashes and soot; in vain did we ply the crank—the more we tried the more it refused to bake.

Yet, with all its faults and foibles, that old stove had a mission. It is true we afterward sold it for fifteen dollars, yet it did a work. It was pioneer. Others followed in swift succession. Soon one of our neighbors reported a better stove bought with twenty dollars less money. We were compelled to own up; but he was soon reminded that crowing was uncertain. One of *his* neighbors bought the "newest style," with the "latest improvements," and laid out fifteen dollars less! He was wonderfully crest-fallen, and grew amazingly philosophic, and hastened to an old couple, and urged upon them the importance of a cooking-stove, and so desirous was he to add to their comfort, that he would sell them his, as good as new, for five dollars less than it cost. The old gentleman received the proposition gravely, but declined to purchase; and was soon seen hauling home one, span new, glittering all over with tin-ware, bought for twenty-five dollars. The ex-Shakeress, too, had one without waiting till her friends all died.

I must also mention, as a faithful historiographer, that soon after the stove came, a debating-club was organized, and kept up till the questions were exhausted. Then came on thrashing-machines, false-teeth, reapers, daguerreotypes, and hooped-skirts. *They came after our stove.* Noble pioneer! it "headed the column on."

I do not, however, believe that it had any appreciable influence upon the compromises of 1850, or the repeal of the Missouri Compromise and the Kansas troubles. I do not believe it, if it was prophesied that there was danger of a dissolution if cooking-stoves came in. History must settle this.

But much as stoves are improved, I still think some things are not so well cooked as in the days of fireplaces and ovens. O, how often have I sighed for a good old-time, fireplace-cooked "pot-pie," such as was prepared in those days at rollings! I ne'er shall look upon the like again. What mush was then made! How we young folks would sit the winter night by the ingle side, and watch the bubbling up of the coming supper! No unskilled hand was permitted to use the mush-stick—too much was at stake. Did any body ever pretend that a *bona fide* pone was ever baked in a stove? Impossible! But I refrain—savory memories come up; but what good will it do to think them over?—the substance can't be had. More's the pity.

THE FAITHFUL SERF OF ZAVADOFF.

BY MRS. SARAH A. MYERS.

"Man's true fame must strike from his own deeds,
For be he serf or king, 'tis nature stamps the mind
With her own seal."

MUCH has been written on the subject of serfdom, and able pens have been employed for or against the system; but let not our readers suppose for a moment that we are about to question the right of any nation to make and maintain her own laws. With political economy we have nothing to do; our object is simply to tell a tale, in order to illustrate the fact that true nobility is not confined to the patrician class, but that the lowliest of earth's children may be endowed by Heaven—no respecter of persons—with the most noble attributes of man! It may be hard to most to suffer, but the truly great mind doth shape itself to its own wants, and can bear all things, but the impress of its heavenly origin is most plainly seen in the self-sacrificing spirit which prompts forgetfulness of self, for the greater purpose of benefiting others.

Max Gizkoff was a serf—the slave of a master who treated him with cruelty, and made use of every opportunity to goad his naturally high spirit, so as to break out into open rebellion. The consequence was, he had no love for his master, and had several times contemplated escaping from the hated slavery in which he was intralated. At the time at which our story commences, he bore on his handsome face a scar, from the stroke of a riding-whip, recently inflicted by his master's hand, and the remembrance of the indignity often urged him to seek revenge. Had he remained in man's natural state, most probably he would have done so; but the entire transforming and renewing change, effected only by the renewing Spirit, had infused a light into his soul, through which he learned to behold things through a different medium. The natural corruption of the heart, never entirely subdued, still at times interposed its dark shadow, and prompted him to return wrong with wrong; but strength was given him to resist the tempter, and keep him in the path of duty. His kind mistress, knowing how greatly he desired his liberty, had vainly exerted her influence in his behalf; the Count would not listen to her gentle pleadings, and poor Max had nothing to hope for when her advocacy failed.

Count Zavadoff and his wife had been spending the Christmas holidays with a large, merry party, at Navaroff. Much snow had fallen; but in their hilarious enjoyment it was scarcely noticed, and none were anxious to leave the scene of festivity. The week allotted for their visit was over, and on

the last day, although the clouds once more looked threateningly dark, the Count very suddenly declared his purpose of going home, and resisting the solicitation of his host to remain, ordered his sleigh to be made ready. The wind had been high in the morning, and it was represented that the road by which they had come was most likely filled with drifted snow, and thus rendered impassable; but with his usual obstinacy, he would not suffer himself to be persuaded, and in spite of all that could be urged, was resolved to travel by another route, which led along the base of some hills, and was thus, although on the steppe, more sheltered. It was late when they left the castle; and as the snow blocked up the road, making their path difficult, there was every reason to suppose that home would not be reached till long after midnight. Some young officers among the guests, who had ridden out on a short excursion toward the hills, were now returning, and meeting the party in the sleigh counseled an immediate return. The Countess advocated the measure, but the Count was resolutely obstinate, and declared he would go on.

"What if it is late?" said he; "the moon will soon be up; and then the night is as pleasant a time to travel as any other;" and courteously thanking his young advisers, bade the coachman drive on.

Ivan and Max sat together—the former managing the horses, the latter having charge of the guns. Both were uneasy: they had heard from some peasants that many wolves had been seen during the last week, and more than one had described a spot on this very road—a deep glen through which it led—where, owing to its vicinity to the wooded hills, already mentioned, they were in severe winters always to be found, but fearing to provoke the ready ire of their master, neither of them ventured to tell him. In a very different mood from the former hilarious one in which they set out, did they now watch every step of the way. The horses labored as they trotted on through the soft yielding snow; their footsteps were inaudible, but the bells still tinkled merrily. The day at length closed, and night came on before they were half-way home; but the moon arose and cheered the wild plain with her silver light, although ever and anon some dark cloud flying past would curtain her benevolent rays, seeming like a messenger portending doom. To Max the road was not strange. In the careless liberty of his early life, he had often visited this part of the steppe, for here, so near the boundary, were many tumuli, which marked the resting-places of his Slavonic ancestors, those who had

fallen here in the struggle for a liberty they would achieve. Ivan, intent on his driving carefully, guided his horses in the best paths, while Max, filled with sad and bitter thoughts, looked alternately toward the mounds—the prostrate oaks which, yielding to the storm, obstructed the way in many places—or to the hills, now glittering in dazzling snow, behind which barrier lay freedom; and more than once a desire to leap from the sleigh and seek those fastnesses, where for ages the original owners of the soil had been invincible, crossed his mind; but something, he knew not what, held him back. The blow, remembrance of which his fine features still bore the traces, and the threatened flogging was still in his mind: we have said that his better nature at last prevailed over his revengeful mood, but its rule was by no means steady; and now, when he looked on those ancient monuments where quietly reposed those unyielding warriors, and recalled the traditions which told of their struggles and their bravery, the thoughts of his serfdom grew unbearable, and awoke a spirit of revenge as fierce as it was new. Not only did he recognize his own degradation, but that of his fellows, and their tame servility to a hard master; and at this moment the evil spirit, ever attendant on man, predominated, and he thought how easily, in this lone place, it would be to avenge his own and his people's wrongs. He turned his head involuntarily, and looked into the countenances of those who sat behind him, and wondered why they should have the control over him, for life or death. No freedom was or ever could be for him. The moonlight shone full in the faces of those whose lineaments he was thus scanning, and the stern, forbidding, and stony expression that characterized the Count's features increased the stormy emotions that were swelling almost beyond control. But one glance at the mild and beautiful being beside him, she who had interposed between him and an angry master—who, like an angel of mercy, had bade him seek comfort at the only true source—completely disarmed his rage, and banished the thought of revenge.

By this time they had passed the first steppe, and nearly reached the wild dell which lay between two wooded hills; this was the spot represented as one of danger. The wind had arisen within the last hour, and howled and moaned ominously as it swept by; the old oaks creaked and groaned as the blast swayed their decaying branches, and the sounds fell upon his ear like the voice of some mocking spirit, reproaching him with his slavery and tamely-borne shame. A voice inaudible to the ear, but clear to his mental

faculties, whispered incessantly, "Let the overbearing oppressors advance to their ruin; let the most cruel of deaths be theirs; woe to all such as force their brethren to bow their neck to slavery."

Terrible was the conflict which raged in the bosom of the serf; but now the holy word, from which for a long time he had drawn consolation, seemed to come to his aid, and impressed upon his heart as if in letters of fire: "Avenge not yourselves, but rather give place to wrath. Bless them that curse, and pray for them that despitefully use and persecute you." O where is the talisman that can guard against the dominance of sinful passion like the precepts of the Gospel? Like oil cast upon the raging waters, it operated upon his stormy heart; the tumult was staid, and a calm succeeded; the frenzy of temptation had passed away.

The road for the last mile or two had grown smoother, so that the horses could trot more briskly; nothing had been seen to cause any alarm; the moon still bestowed her soft and silvery light, making every thing around as clear as day. They had now descended the first hill, and were about to enter the dell which lay at its foot, when, from a ravine within it, bordered by high rocks, there came a voice of wailing, at first low and mournful, like that of a mother lamenting for her child; but soon came another cry, awful and prolonged till it increased to wild howlings, and the frightful chorus was repeated by the echoes on all sides. The horses seemed to understand the fearful concert; they snorted wildly, reared upon their hind feet, and after looking around affrighted, set off without any urging, at full speed.

"Alexis," cried the Countess, "is there danger? what does it mean?"

"The wolves are abroad," replied the Count; "we should not have taken this mountain road."

"My lord," said Max, forgetting his late anger, and venturing to brave that of his master by speaking unbidden, "this hill is the last between us and the plain, and once there the danger is past."

"A steppe, I suppose: you have been this way before?" was the laconic question.

"Yes, sir, often; but it is not a wild steppe that we shall now reach, but the cultivated plains, where the peasants—"

He was interrupted by Ivan, who at this moment uttered a fearful shout, accompanied by some Russian interjections which we shall not repeat.

"O my lady, O my master, look, look! the wolves are on every side of us!"

He screamed in an agony of terror. And so they were—the dark forms, made visible by the

light of the moon, came leaping from the recesses of the dell, and where they reached the clear spaces, were magnified to giant sizes by the shadows cast upon the contrasting snow. The Count seized one of the guns, which were placed in the front part of the sleigh, ready loaded; the Countess covered her head with her fur mantle, as if to shut out the terrific sight of the destruction from which there could be no escape. Could death come in a more terrible shape?

"We are lost, husband! is there no help? What can we do?" she exclaimed in a tone of agony. Yet in that moment of terror her heart, true to the maternal instinct, turned to the child she had left at home. "My boy—how thankful am I that he is safe—may Heaven's care rest upon the orphan!"

The Count looked the danger calmly in the face, and still grasping the gun remained in perfect silence, either forgetting his right to command, or for once feeling no desire to use his privilege. The horses, wild with terror, were becoming unruly, for Ivan, trembling like an aspen, was no longer able to guide them. Max, indifferent to life as borne in slavery, was the only one of the party who retained full self-possession; a horrible death was to be met; but its pangs would be but short in comparison with the mental torment which he must suffer in the endurance of slavery for years. "Better one should be sacrificed than that all should perish." All this flashed through his mind with the swiftness of an electric flash; and quite as quickly was his resolution made. He took the reins from the hands of the trembling Ivan, and turning toward his half-paralyzed master, gave the orders and encouragement which ought to have come from him.

"My lady, do not be so much alarmed," he said, "our horses are swift and tractable, and when once over the hill, we will be able to distance the wolves. My lord, do not fire, I beg you; strike them with the butt of the gun, but do not shoot; the report would bring hundreds from the rocks. Ivan, take out your tinder-box, strike fire with every combustible article we can spare; throw it among them, so as to keep them back till we reach the plain."

Encouraging the horses by his voice, while he admonished them, by a slight stroke of his whip, of the necessity there was for speed, they dashed forward toward the hill, which was the deciding point, like the swift wind. With that wonderful instinct, the gift of nature to the dumb creation, and often superior to man's boasted wisdom, they seemed to recognize that they were under the rule of a superior spirit, and guided by a firmer hand. No

longer giving way to the terror which at first had made them so unruly, they went forward swiftly but steadily, not even venturing to snort, as if the presence of mind exhibited by the noble serf had communicated a new impulse into themselves. There is a greatness of spirit in man, a relic of his heavenly origin, that, without a movement or the utterance of a word, makes itself acknowledged; and whether its possessor be serf or noble, it claims respect from lordly man, and obedience from the brute creation. Panting, but not relaxing in speed, the now tractable animals gained the summit of the hill, and the howlings, long since grown faint, having ceased altogether, Max hoped the danger was past. He arose and looked back; not a pursuing wolf was to be seen on the long reach of road they had left, nothing intercepted the whiteness of the chill expanse, except the slender shadows cast by some tall oaks, whose naked branches intercepted the moonlight. But there was little time for self-congratulation. As they came quite close to a huge tree, whose thick trunk proclaimed it a patriarch of the forest, he saw two fiery balls glaring from behind it; a low, growling noise next became audible, and then another, like the gnashing of teeth, such as is made by savage animals. Before there was time to think of any expedient to escape this renewed danger, a troop of wolves darted forth from some hidden lair, and uttering cries of savage exultation, surrounded the sleigh. The alarm of the Count and Ivan was very evident, their caps rose above their bristling hair; the Countess closed her eyes to exclude the dreadful sight, and sank back insensible; Max alone remained composed, and once more spoke calmly.

"Ivan, strike fire and throw it among them, as before; my lord, do not fire, but beat them off. There is not so many as at first, and I think we shall be able to battle with them."

The horses trembled, but did not flag. Ivan kindled fire from every thing combustible he could find, and threw it among them; but they leaped over it and followed the sleigh. Their wild springs, throwing the snow about, at once extinguished the flame, and, as if maddened by the opposition they met, still continued the pursuit, even more fiercely than at first. The party, flying for their lives, dashed on with unabated swiftness, and again the savage foes were nearly distanced. They were descending the last hill—the plains, with their evidences of cultivation and man's neighborhood, were in sight, and hope once more began to whisper of safety, when an old wolf, far ahead of the rest, leaped forth from a little coppice, and with bristling ears and snarling

teeth, was close to the sleigh, and within an arm's length of the Countess. The Count raised his gun.

"Do not fire, my lord, I pray you," cried Max, "the whole pack will be upon us. That is our death-warrant," he added, as the Count, unheeding the warning, fired. The wolf howled her death-cry, and the rest of the troop, uttering yells of revenge, now dashed forward to begin the combat in earnest. One was climbing up beside the Countess; his grasping paw was already on her shoulder; she stretched forth her hands in deadly terror, and uttered, in a tone of agonized entreaty,

"Save me, Max! save me for the sake of my child!"

The faithful serf saw that no time was to be lost; with the same self-possession he had manifested throughout this trying hour, he put the reins into Ivan's hands, drew his hunting-knife from his belt, leaped from the sleigh, calling out as he did so,

"Drive for you life, Ivan; I can take care of myself."

The horses dashed on. The Countess arose from her seat, and scarcely conscious of what was passing, screamed for help, and was about to throw herself from out of the sleigh. The Count, however, drew her back, and without a thought or care for the noble serf, who thus sacrificed his own life for theirs, he shouted to Ivan, "Go on—go on." Away flew the sleigh, far from the spot where Max had leaped from it. No one looked back; but if they had, nothing would have been visible but a cloud of snow, behind which neither the faithful vassal nor the wolves were to be seen. The horses are at full speed, making flying leaps across the plain; they instinctively took the road home. Ivan, no longer able to hold the reins, left them to their own guidance; the Count, nearly beside himself, continued to shout, "Go on, go on," while the Countess lay in the bottom of the sleigh in a fainting fit, from which she did not recover till she was at home, and in her own chamber.

The lateness of the hour, as well as the snow-storm in the early part of the day, had shut out all expectation of their return to Zavadoff. Most of the servants had retired; the steward and one or two of the grooms alone remained up, and as they sat beside the warm stove in the servants' hall, amused themselves with telling stories. As the flying steeds, with their noisy bells and trampling hoofs, accompanied by all the barking dogs in the neighborhood, dashed into the court-yard, the sleepers were soon awake. The steward and the story-tellers were out at once; and finding the

haughty Count, as well as their lady and the coachman, more dead than alive, they called up the rest of the household, and in the first bustle and alarm, the absence of Max was not noticed. It was not till the Countess awoke to consciousness that any one thought of him; but then to her came the full recollection of all the fearful occurrences of the night, and with it the remembrance of the noble serf, and his generous devotion.

"Alexis," she entreated, "do not let that faithful servant perish without attempting his rescue; send the men forth armed, and on horseback, at least to see what has become of him; let it not be a reproach on the house of Zavadoff, that they are insensible alike to the feelings of gratitude and humanity."

"Sophia," replied the Count, coldly, "it is of no use to send after him now; he has met his death long ere this. We are safe, and of what consequence is the life of a vassal? He only did his duty, and his loss does not matter; he never was contented at any rate."

Half-broken-hearted, but too prudent to combat the reasoning of her haughty husband by words, with tears flowing like rain, she took up her child—an only son—from his little bed, and placed him before his stern father.

"Kneel down, my boy, beside me," she said; "on our knees, let us plead with your father for one who has saved us from death, and you from being an orphan. Let us pray that succor be sent him."

The child obeyed, although he did not comprehend any of his mother's words except "pray." Taught by his pious mother to offer daily his childish petition at a throne of grace, he followed her movement, knelt beside her, and clasping his little hands, looked up entreatingly into his father's coldly rigid face, as he repeated a few words of his simple nightly prayer. There was nothing in the uttered petition which bore particularly on the painful circumstances of poor Max; but in that beautiful and comprehensive form of prayer, taught first to the disciples, and since then to almost every child, there is a wide meaning which may be made applicable to every condition. The innocent boy, in his white night-dress, with clasped hands, and wealth of golden hair clustering around his beautiful features, as he raised his tender blue eyes, and so earnestly uttered that portion of the prayer which asks for mercy only as mercy is shown, looked like some celestial messenger commissioned to repeat the charge already given by the great Founder of the Christian faith. The stony heart was at length touched; the stern man, whose pride had never

yielded to the voice of reason or compassion, was subdued by the petition of a child.

"Sophia, you have conquered," he said as he clasped both the mother and her boy to his heart; and as there was no time to lose, at once dispatched a well-armed company to the rescue of Max. This tardy movement, however, would have availed little, had other hearts been as steel-clad as his own.

All the other guests had determined on remaining at Navaroff till the next day; and when the young officers whom the Count's party had met returning from their ride, reached the castle, and repeated what they had heard about the wolves, great apprehensions were expressed for the safety of the travelers. One of them declared he had seen many tracks of wolves on the road, and Count D. judged it best to send out a party of armed men for their protection. The young husars who did not fear to face the cold, and who liked the excitement and frolic of a wolf-hunt by moonlight better than an inglorious nap in their beds, instead of seeking their chambers went to the stables, saw that their horses were suitably equipped, called up the wolf-dogs, and arranged their spiky collars, and then, accompanied by four stout and well-armed Cossacks, mounted and set out for the plain. They set off across the steppe at a rate at which only Russians ride, and keeping the path between the mounds and the oaks, they followed the traces of the sleigh as far as they had not been effaced by the still drifting snow. But when the flats were reached all spur of the travelers vanished; the wind sweeping fiercely over the chill waste, drove the snow in clouds before it, and the bold riders, blinded by the brilliant whiteness of the wide waste on which the moonbeams fell in dazzling brightness, became completely bewildered. They turned their horses' heads, first this way, then that, seeking a path over that trackless wild, till the sagacious animals became impatient, and refused to follow any guidance but their own.

"Masters," said one of the Cossacks, respectfully touching his cap, "let the horses choose their own way. They will find it better than we can do for them."

This was good counsel, and it was not rejected. The Cossack now took the lead; the horses regained the right path; but still their progress through the clogging snow was slow and difficult. At length the hills came in sight, and with renewed hopes they kept on, when all at once a shot was heard in the far distance. They stopped and listened to find out from what direction the report had come; but except the howling of the

wind, as it swept careeringly by, or the groaning of the oaks it threatened to uproot, nothing was heard. The Cossack in advance urged his horse to the top of the hill, and having gained it, called out,

"We are on the right track now; I see dark forms moving on the hill beyond there;" and as he spoke he spurred his horse into a flying gallop. The rest did the same, the difficulties of the way being forgotten in the excitement of the moment; and now the dogs opened their throats in a simultaneous howl, and dashed forward to the onset. Again the Cossack who was in the van cried out,

"Wolves! wolves! ride on to the rescue!"

Like hounds in pursuit of a hare, the hunters came up with the chase, and there also like so many dogs, some of the wolves were mangling and dragging some dark object toward the ravine, already mentioned, while others, uttering yells of savage fury, were leaping upon the trunk of a large oak. With a swift and practiced movement, peculiar to cavalry soldiers, they drew up in a line across the path, uttered the Cossack war shout, and discharged a volley of balls among the howling troop. The shot told well; and many of the savage foe lay stretched upon the snow; the rest, tumbling over each other in their haste to escape, retreated from the unequal contest, and with fiery glancing eyes, and snarling jaws, took refuge among the rocks of the ravine. Assured that the way was now clear, the party dismounted, some remaining at guard, while others examined the prey from which the wolves had been driven. They found only part of a torn mantle and the tassel of a cap. While they were searching round for the remains of the unfortunate person to whom this clothing had belonged, to their astonishment, a man jumped down from the tree under which they stood. It was Max. He was shivering with cold, for he was bareheaded and half-deprived of clothing; but his self-possession was as great as ever.

"You came in good time, for I am almost frozen," he said, rubbing his hands; "it is cold, such a night as this, lodging in a tree."

"Give him a buffalo-skin," said one of the officers, "and do not make him talk till he is thawed. He can tell us all about it to-morrow. But say, Max, just answer one question, and then get up behind one of the Cossacks: Are the others safe?"

"They are," was the reply, "and at home ere this."

They rode rapidly back to Navaroff; but, now that the danger was over, as the excitement sub-

sided, the effect of cold, and the terrible exertion he had made, became apparent; by the time they reached it, Max was altogether insensible. For many days his life was despaired of; but as he grew better, and his heroic deed being made known, not only by Ivan, but the Count and his wife, his young deliverers, as well as the dwellers there, regarded him with well-merited favor. Finding that the sole wish of his heart was to be free, Count D. and his friends resolved to intercede with his master, and purchase his liberty should the Count refuse to bestow it. But the Countess had been able to perfect her own good work, for on one day the Count having sent Ivan to Navaroff to inquire for him, sent also an assurance that he was no longer a slave. The flinty heart had been touched by the wand of gentleness waved by the hand of a feeble woman—and it is that feebleness which so often makes her a mighty magician—and a pure stream at last gushed forth. Pride had heretofore obstructed the current which never would have been fully awakened by other means—alas, that all women do not know where their true power lies!—and great was its refreshing flow; for the fountain was fully unsealed. Being now able to recognize that the serf was not only a man, but might be a noble one—that great qualities are not the peculiar properties of those born in high stations, and that godlike emotions exist beneath the frieze vest no less than under the velvet or ermine mantle, he became humane and benevolent in proportion as he had been haughty and repulsive. The more he pondered on the late horrible adventure, the more pressing and the greater he felt was the debt he owed to his brave vassal; and in his changed spirit, wondered that he could ever have been so blind to his merits. The contemplation was profitable, and awoke him to a deeper train of thought; and now that he was able to appreciate the gifts with which Heaven had endowed his bondsman, he was determined to conquer the prejudices of caste, and do honor to them himself. He not only gave Max his freedom, but provided the means for his education; and the issue proved that his favor had found a worthy subject; for, devoted to his books and studies, the serf became qualified to instruct his fellows. The same devotion which had characterized his service to an unkind master, was even more zealously displayed, now that his ardent wishes were realized; his labors, zealously pursued among his degraded brethren, were blessed with the success they deserved, and to the end of his life it was his study to do good to all men, and obey the precepts of the Gospel by the sacrifice of self.

LUTHER'S PARABLES.

WHATEVER may be the reason, German literature is rich in parables; and some of them, as our readers may hereafter have the opportunity of judging, are remarkably beautiful. A few are to be found scattered here and there in the writings of Martin Luther, and we give them as not only the oldest specimens, but as lively illustrations of their author's mind. Some may think that their style is too playful, and their fancy too free; but those acquainted with the old Popish Mysteries will feel no surprise at the undignified *dramatis personæ* in "The Ass and the Lion," and an excuse for the ponies and playthings with which the "Boys' Paradise" is peopled, must be sought in the circumstance that the allegory is addressed to a child who had never seen the harps, and the palms, and other objects employed in Scriptural imagery. He wished to paint a picture which would at once speak to the eye of his own German boy; to an older correspondent he would doubtless have used other language. It may be added, as characteristic of the writer's cheerful and fatherly spirit, that the following letter was penned amid the anxieties of the Augsburg Diet. Our version of the parable of "The Ass and the Lion" is somewhat abridged, yet, we trust, not so as to mar its force.

THE BOYS' PARADISE.

Grace and peace in Christ be thine, my well-beloved boy! It does my heart good to see thee learning well and praying diligently. Do so, my son, and continue therein, and when I come home I will bring thee a fine fairing. I know a beautiful pleasure-garden, and there are many children walking there, and they have on golden coats, and under the trees they gather the finest apples and pears, and they sing and leap about, and are merry; and they have beautiful little ponies too, with golden bits and silver saddles. And I asked the man whose the garden was, To whom do these children belong? And he said, These are the children who love their prayers, and who delight to learn, and are pious.

Then said I, I also have a son; his name is Johnnie Luther; might not he come, too, into the garden, that he may eat of these fine apples and pears, and ride upon one of these beautiful little ponies, and play himself with these children? Then the man said, Yes, if he takes delight in prayer, and is pious, and learns well, he may also come into the garden, and little Philip and Justus too; and if they come all together, they shall

have fifes, and trumpets, and drums, and all manner of fine playthings, and they shall have little cross-bows to shoot with.

Then he showed me in the garden a beautiful meadow; and hanging there, there were fifes and drums of pure gold, and fine silver bows. But it was early, and the children had not dined yet. And therefore I could not wait, but I said to the man, Ah, my dear sir, I will go quickly, and write all that to my dear little son, Hans, and tell him to be diligent at his prayers and at his lessons, and to live in God's fear; that he also may come into this garden. But he has a good aunt, too—aunt Magdalene—and he must bring her with him. And the man said, It is well: go and write so to him.

Therefore, my dear little boy, go on and learn and pray heartily, and tell Philip and Justus to do the same; and so you will all come together into the garden. And so I commend you to Almighty God. Greet aunt Magdalene, and give her a kiss on my account.

THE PROPS OF THE FIRMAMENT.

Two signs I have had lately. I was looking out of my window at midnight, and I saw the stars—the whole majestic vault of God supporting itself, without my being able to see the columns on which the Master rested it; but it fell not. There are men nowadays who insist upon finding out these invisible columns—nay, who insist upon touching them with their own hands; and because they can not achieve this, they tremble, and lament, and beat their breasts, fearing the firmament is about to rush down upon them. The heavens will not stir any the more for their groping.

In the morning I saw huge, heavy-laden clouds floating over my head like an ocean. I saw no pillars supporting the enormous masses; yet they fell not, but, saluting me gloomily, passed on; and as they passed, I perceived beneath the curve which had sustained them—a delicious rainbow. It was very slender and very delicate, and some might have trembled lest the heavy clouds should destroy it, yet its slight aerial line was strong enough to bear all that weight, and protect us from danger. We have among us too many who fear the clouds and distrust the rainbow—they would fain ascertain, by some experiment of their own, the exact force of the rainbow; and as they can not do this, they are all alarmed lest the clouds should break, and overwhelm them in their fierce waves. The clouds are very heavy, they say, and your rainbow is very slight. Time will try its strength.

THE ASS AND THE LION.

The young Lion was rightful king; but, suborned by disaffected councilors, and for purposes of his own, the Fox took means to secure the election of the Ass. A parliament was convened, and when the usual preliminaries were over, the Fox stood up. He coughed and called silence. He expatiated on the present necessities of the empire, and dwelt at great length on the miseries which they had suffered under the Lion kings. And when he saw that the assembly was fairly weaned from its race of hereditary sovereigns, he "ventured to propose, as a fit and proper person," their friend, the Ass. He spent a whole hour in his praise. He was not at all proud and tyrannical; he was singularly patient; would allow another animal to pass for something, and was always frank and accessible; he could do a deal of work, and would be content with small honor and few taxes. "Besides," he added, observing the yielding mood of the audience, "besides, dear sirs, we have to consider that he has been divinely appointed to this very end. You may see his designation in the fact that he always carries on his shoulders a cross."

When the Fox mentioned the cross, all the Estates of the empire were full of astonishment, and shouted loud approbation: "Now we have found the proper king, who, both temporally and spiritually, can rightly administer the government." Then every one had something to commend in the Ass; one praised his fine long ears, so good for hearing confession; another said he had quite a remarkable voice, which would do charmingly for preaching or for singing in the church. Nothing, in fact, about the whole Ass, that was not worthy of royal or of papal honor. But excellent above all other virtues shone the cross on the back. And so the Ass was chosen to be king among the beasts.

But the poor young Lion went about dejected, like an orphan despoiled of his hereditary empire, till some old, pious councilors took pity on him. And they spake among themselves, "What a scandal it would be to let the young king be thus shamefully driven away; his ancestors have never deserved that at our hands." So they called the Estates again together, and the oldest of them stood up—an aged Dog, who had been a faithful councilor of the former king, and a fine speech he made, setting forth that their election of the Ass had been too rash and hasty. It was not all gold that glittered. The Ass might, after all, in spite of the cross on his back, be but a sham. The Lion had shown his bravery in action, but the

Ass had never done one worthy exploit. And if a war should arise, it was a serious question of what avail the mere cross could be to them, if there were nothing brave behind it.

The Dog's earnest speech was not without effect. The Fox and the unfaithful councilors began to fear, and said, "What had once been resolved by the Estates must remain so." And at last, when the Dog pressed the assembly hard by the consideration of the superiority of the Lion over the Ass in action, it was agreed that, though there could be no new election, the two candidates should contend for the empire, and he who should win should be king. The day of trial was appointed, and all the beasts met; the Fox clave to the Ass, the Dog held by the Lion. The Ass let the Lion choose the form of combat. The Lion spake, "Let it be he who shall spring over this brook without wetting his feet—he shall have gained." And the brook was large. The Lion made a leap, and sprang clean across, easily as a bird might have flown. The Ass and the Fox thought, Well, we were not kings before either; we must venture now, lose or win. So the poor Ass leapt, and—plash—there he lay, like a log, in the middle of the stream. Then the Lion came to the bank, and said, "Methinks the feet are not quite dry." But see now what luck and craft may do. When the Ass had fallen into the water, a poor little fish, crazy with affright, had run, without knowing where, into the Ass's ear. And when he had stepped out, and the beasts had laughed well at this adventure, the Fox sees him shake the fish out of his ear. "Attend," he cries. "Where are those now who despise the cross, as if there were no virtue in it? My lord and king, the Ass might have cleared the brook as well as another, but that would have been but a poor act to prove the excellence of the cross, seeing that without the cross the Lion and other animals can do it just as well as he: but as he leapt, seeing a fish in the stream, he sprang after it, and that the miracle of the cross might be the greater, he would not catch it with his feet, or in his mouth, but in his ear. Let the Lion do the same, and then let him be king." With such talk the Fox made great commotion, and the cross was about to win. But the Dog was sore annoyed with this mischance, and the more to see Reynard, with his fox-tail, so befooling the multitude, and began to bark out vehemently, that it had just so happened, and was no miracle. But that there might be no disturbance through the biting of the Dog and the Fox, it was seen good that the Ass and the Lion should go alone to a certain place, and settle the quarrel there by themselves. So they

after proper deliberation went to the foot of a hill together.

The Lion said, "On yonder side the mountain lies a mill; he who comes thither first shall have gained: wilt thou run here below, or over the hill?" The Ass says, "Run thou over the hill!" The Lion, knowing this to be the last trial, ran as fast as his bodily powers could carry him; the Ass stood still where he was, saying, "I should only be made a laughing-stock: I have no fancy for such labor-in-vain." When the Lion gets over the hill, behold! there is an ass standing beside the mill. "Eh, what?" he exclaims, thinking it to be the same: "has the foul fiend brought thee here already? Well, let us try back again to our old place." And when he comes over again, he finds the Ass on the spot where he had left him, and must now own beaten, and confess that the cross is not to be trifled with. So the Ass remained king, and his race have held dominion in the animal world unto this day.—*Excelsior*.

SERMONS AND HOMILIES FROM THE POETS.

BY JOHN T. SWARTZ.

"Thou say'st I preach, Lorenzo!"—*Young*.

NUMBER ONE.

TEXT: "When first thy sire, to send on earth
Virtue, his darling child, designed,
To thee he gave the heav'nly birth,
And bade to form her infant mind.
Stern, rugged nurse! thy rigid lore,
With patience many a year she bore;
What Sorrow was thou badst her know,
And from her own she learned to melt at others' woe."
Gray's Ode to Adversity.

VERY true, indeed, it is that Adversity is the stern, rugged nurse of Virtue. Many, very many are the scenes chronicled upon the scroll of earth's history which corroborate the text; while numberless are the instances in the humble walks of life, unrecorded save by the great Historian of all time, wherein virtue, though before languishing, if not expiring, has revived beneath the rude pressure of Misfortune's hand; shedding a holy influence on all around, even as the crushed violet fills the air with hitherto unwonted fragrance.

How much is due to this rigid softener of the heart finite beings may not know. Yet there are beacon fires of Virtue gleaming out amid the black night of earth's dark story, too plainly kindled by her hand to escape notice. Such, for example, was the case of Regulus, when, despite the entreaties of friendship, he returned to certain death amid his foes, rather than violate his faith by remaining to enjoy life with his friends. Adversity awakened and warmed into action the unending principles of honor, that gave to the

world the history of that noble Roman's greatest victory, his triumph over his affections, in sacrificing all to integrity.

Adversity rouses benevolence. Sorrow loosens the long-tightened purse-string; while misfortune rebuilds the overthrown altar of Charity in the heart, where time past memory Mammon has held unrivaled sovereignty.

"From her own she learned to melt at others' woe."

Who can so deeply sympathize with the sorrowing ones of earth as he who has been himself a sufferer? Who may know the grief of the bereaved wife or mother, save her who has laid the loved of her own soul in the cold, cold ground? She only can pour into that shattered heart the balm distilled for her in the retort of Adversity, and purified in the crucible of Affliction.

Who are the chief apostles of temperance? Who, with life-sacrificing zeal, enter the hovels of disease and crime, and lifting the wan, ghastly sot from the filth of his degradation, bid the man "stand up, erect!" They who have felt the serpent's tooth. Their bitter cup has taught them to "deal gently with the erring," to "weep with them that weep." From their own they have learned to melt at others' woe.

Adversity is the only true test of friendship. Truly did Moore sing,

"The friends who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes are flown;
And he who has but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone."

The glow of prosperity lures a host of sycophants and parasites, who, with honeyed tongues and hollow hearts, win our esteem but to desert—ay, even to betray—when Fortune's cloud-encompassed sky portends Misfortune's thunder-storm. Well has some philosophic child of song exclaimed,

"O! it is not while richest splendor surrounds us,
That friendship and friends can be put to the test;
'Tis but when Affliction's cold presence hath bound us,
We know which the hearts are that love us the best.
For friends will fawn
At Fortune's dawn,
While the breeze and the tide waft us steadily on;
But if Sorrow o'ertakes us,
Each false one forsakes us,
And leaves us to die or to struggle alone."

Heaven grant me friends, who, casting aside selfish interest, will cling to me through trial, cheering despair with hope; who, when the polluted hounds of Calumny bay me, and Poverty drives me far hence, the flatterer-hypocrite will

lend a helping arm rather than give me a new downward impetus! Give me *true* friends, or let me be friendless evermore.

Adversity prepares the mind for true happiness, for the secret of all enjoyment is endurance; and in the language of holy writ, "Tribulation worketh patience." Happy then is he who can join Eton's bard in praising the "stern, rugged nurse" of Virtue! Happy he who can sing with the "Swan of Avon," "Sweet are the uses of Adversity!" Thrice happy the heart that makes truly its own the melody of Erin's sweetest minstrel,

"Then Sorrow touched by Thee grows bright,
With more than rapture's ray;
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day."

"WELL DONE."

BY ANGELO CANOLL.

WHEN weary in the strife I faint,
When pours my soul her deep complaint—
Her warfare but begun;
O God! how doth it cheer my heart,
What pow'r to live and wait impart,
To hear that word, "Well done!"

When pensive mem'ry weeps the past,
Her tearful gaze still backward cast,
To joys whose race is run;
What are my losses or my fears,
If still for me, for me appears
That triumph-word, "Well done!"

My loss, my gain—my grief, my joy—
My hardest lot my best employ,
When, shining like the sun,
To me, upon the field of strife,
There flashes down those words of life—
O, God be praised!—"Well done."

Amen! and I can suffer now!
My soul is strong; by Thee taught how
Her mission-race to run.
This is the pow'r that makes me free,
An angel ever strength'ning me:
I live for this—"Well done."

O, shall I triumph so at last?
O, shall I hear, when life is past,
That plaudit from the throne?
Then, Father, cheer me as I go,
Look kindly down and speak below—
My all of hope—"Well done."

WINTER.

LASTLY came Winter, clothed all in frieze,
Chattering his teeth for cold that did him chill;
Whilst on his hoary beard his breath did freeze,
And the dull drops that from his purple bill
As from a limbeck did adown distill. SPENCER.

DEAR MEMORIES—THE MORNING BLESSING

BY J. H. HARDY.

SLEEP blessed angel of my paradise,
I would not break the spell that locks those lovely eyes—
I'll roll the curtain down—
The sun's first beam,
Tho' gently chiding, shall not break thy dream.

Ah! when I think me of the weight of care
That all so lovely and so pure as thou must bear,
I'd have thee always sleep;

Nor wake to know
Aught of life's follies, treachery, or woe!

On me alone let this day's burden be;
I love to grapple with the cares of life for thee,
So that the spoils are thine.

All toil is sweet,
That lays its trophies, dearest, at thy feet.

What is this swelling fullness of my heart?
Why is it to my eyes that gushing tear-drops start?
God's blessing on thee, dear!

'Tis love's behest—
The silent language of the truly blessed.

Thy healthful breathing and thy rosy face,
Tell me that thou art blessed in slumber's sweet embrace,
Nor shall the rosy morn

Intrude her ray
From thy blessed couch to drive his spell away.

Farewell, sweet wife, nor leave thy quiet bed,
For spirit-hands dispense rich blessings round thy head:
Thy guardian angel, dear,
Extends his wings
To guard thee while the early robin sings.

WE HOPE TO MEET AGAIN

BY BESSIE.

LET the full grief-tide flow
In one unbroken strain;
We've covered up the snow-white brow,
We hope to meet again.

O yes, we've closed the sunny eye!
While tears like summer rain
Fall o'er the waxen clay of her
We hope to meet again.

The last farewells are given—
Death broke the golden chain;
But in yonder starry heaven
We hope to meet again.

The little mound is made
Which holds our sacred claim,
And there our Amy's laid
We hope to meet again.

The lily there we plant,
The roses there we train,
Above the silken curls of her
We hope to meet again.

O, will it not be sweet,
On yonder shining plain,
With all the happy host, to meet
Our loved one there again!

EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

Scripture Cabinet.

ANCHORED TO THE BERG.—The reader is doubtless familiar with the name of Dr. Kane, and with his Arctic Explorations. In the Second Grinnell Expedition the last few days of the northward voyage of the "Advance," before she made her harbor for the winter, were days of extreme peril from drifting ice. The "pack," which consists of floating ice driven together in large masses; was fast becoming consolidated by the newly-formed ice of the cold August nights. The "floes," detached portions of these great ice-fields, were running furiously with the tides. The shore-ice was too broken and rotten to allow the men to drag the brig along its margin by tacking; and the only resource was to take advantage of the "leads," or navigable openings in the ice, when wind and tide favored, and by boring through the floe from one lead to another. Sometimes, however, just as the stanch little vessel had entered a lead, it would suddenly become entangled in the drifting floe, or a huge pack would bear down upon it with ominous grinding. Then all the vigilance, experience, courage, and decision of the commander were put to the test.

In his former voyage, Dr. Kane had observed that since the greater bulk of an iceberg is below the water-line, "the depth to which these bergs sink when floating, subjects them to the action of the deeper sea-currents, while their broad surface above the water is of course acted on by the wind. It happens, therefore, that they are found not unfrequently moving in different directions from the floes around them, and preventing them for a time from freezing into a united mass."

In a critical moment this experience of the commander saved the vessel and her gallant crew. The floes were drifting mightily to the south, dragging the entangled vessel with them. Huge masses of ice threatened to engulf her. Suddenly a berg came driving up from the south, and as it moved majestically through the drift, the brig was made fast to its huge bulk by well-fitted anchors. On moved this strange ship of the arctic, plowing up the furrows of that icy sea, till it came to anchor in an open pool beside a lofty cape, having borne the brig against the running ice, full ten miles toward the pole. There it became a shelter from the storm that it had faced; and when at length the fierce gale swept against the vessel a floe twenty feet in thickness, the smooth slope of the iceberg served as an inclined plane, up which the brig was driven, "as if some great steam screw-power had forced her into a dry-dock." When the pulses of ice and storm subsided, the vessel lay in the gigantic embrace of the berg that had buckled her to its side, and had borne her on her poleward course against wind, ice, and wave.

Even so is it in the voyage of life poleward—heavenward. Ofttimes amid the darkness and the storm, our frail bark encounters the drifting floes of worldly schemes that would drag it hopelessly from its haven. Ofttimes it is well-nigh borne down by the accumulated pack of worldly tempers and worldly foes, that rush tumultuously

upon it. But grappling to some huge berg of principle that feels the deeper currents of the sea, and catches the winds of the upper ether, it is borne along secure and triumphant toward the pole of its faith. And when the gale is fierce, and its foes crowd hard upon it, our bark but makes its pilot-principle itself the harbor of its refuge, the rock of its defense. Principle moves ever forward with unchanging majesty, though all around, with noisy rage, the world is hurrying and drifting away.

THE ROYAL MINISTER.—"Blessed is he that considereth the poor; the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble. The Lord will preserve him, and keep him alive; and he shall be blessed upon the earth; and thou wilt not deliver him unto the will of his enemies. The Lord will strengthen him upon the bed of languishing: thou wilt make all his bed in his sickness." *Psalms xli, 1-3.*

A king of England, of precious memory, agreeably to the custom of his times, was in the habit of taking an occasional exercise in hunting. Being out one day with his attendants, when at some distance from home, the king's horse manifesting signs of fatigue, he resolved to yield the pleasures of the chase to those of compassion for his beast. As he rode leisurely along by himself, he heard at a distance a cry of distress. Proceeding a few yards, he heard it more distinctly: "O, my mother! my mother! God pity and bless my poor mother!" He hastened to the spot, where he saw a little girl, about eight years old, on her knees in prayer, while the gushing tears ran down her cheeks. Affected with the sight, he inquired, "What, my child, is the cause of your weeping? for what do you pray?" The little girl started, then rose from her knees, and pointing toward a kind of tent near by, said, "O, sir, my dying mother!" "What," said the king, dismounting and fastening his horse to a tree, "what, my child? tell me all about it." She now led him to the tent; there lay a middle-aged female in the last stages of decline. She turned her dying eyes toward the royal visitor as he entered, then looked up to heaven; but not a word could she utter; the organs of speech had ceased their office. The little girl again wept aloud; then stooping, wiped the death-sweat from her mother's brow. At this moment another girl arrived from town with some medicine for her dying parent. Observing a stranger, she modestly courtesied, knelt down by her side, kissed her pallid lips, and burst into tears. "What, my dear child," said his Majesty, "can be done for you?" "O, sir," she replied, "our poor mother wanted some religious person to teach her, and to pray with her before she died. I ran all the way to town this morning before it was light, and asked for a minister, but could get none to come." The dying woman seemed sensible of what her daughter was saying, and her countenance was much agitated. The air was again rent with the cries of the distracted children. The king, full of kindness, instantly said, "I am a minister, and God

has sent me to instruct and comfort your dying mother;" then seating himself by the pallet of straw, he took the hand of the dying woman in his, discoursed to her on the demerit of sin, the nature of redemption, and pointed her to Christ, the all-sufficient Savior. She seemed to gather consolation and hope as he proceeded; she looked up, she smiled, but it was her last smile; for, ere the expression of joy and peace had passed from her countenance, they discovered that her struggling spirit had left mortality. The king arose, spoke words of comfort to the afflicted orphans, promised them his protection, and putting some gold into their hands, bade them look to Heaven; then turning to leave, as he brushed away the tears, he saw his attendants, who, missing him in the chase, had returned to witness, with silent admiration and subdued hearts, the noble condescension of their king.

THE RIFLEMAN ON THE COTTON-BALE.—"One man of you shall chase a thousand: for the Lord your God, he it is that fighteth for you, as he hath promised you."—*Joshua xxiii, 10.*

In the battle of New Orleans, as every reader of American history knows, the American forces planted themselves behind a fortification of cotton-bales, giving the enemy thus an opportunity of testing the question how far a bullet or a cannon-ball could get into a pile of cotton; and affording, at the same time, the Americans a place of comparative security. A British cavalry officer, in a narration of some incidents connected with the battle, states that, on a certain occasion, when a division of the British army were arranging for an attack, his eye caught in the distance the solitary figure of an American rifleman, standing on a cotton-bale. An old felt-hat, with a rim falling partly over his face, was on his head, and in his left hand was his rifle. Presently he and his fellow-soldiers saw the rifleman throw up the ragged rim of his hat, at the same time poising his gun and taking aim. "We all smiled," said the officer, "as the fellow aimed in our direction. Even should his ball reach so far as us, we thought, it would only fall harmless at our feet. He took aim: there was a flash, and a report, and at the same instant a member of our cavalry near me fell from his horse, mortally wounded. We began then to see that taking aim by the rifleman was an introduction to death of some one of our number. You may be sure there were some misgivings of heart as to the next one that must fall. Again the man on the cotton-bale threw up the rim of his old felt-hat, raised his rifle to his eye, and fired, and another of our number fell dead from his horse. A third shot came in our direction, doing execution as before. There was a panic among our men. The strange figure of that western rifleman there made us wonder and quail, and kept our men distracted till the hour for any effective sally on our part was gone." That rifleman got out of the usual way of doing things. He adopted a plan extraordinary in attacking the enemy. His move may not have had the sanction, or come to the knowledge even of the officers of the American army; but he did a good work, and kept off the enemy. We want men in the Church who are willing to climb, with rifle in hand, on to the cotton-bales. We want men, no matter whether they be laymen or preachers, who are willing to get out of the ordinary routine, if need be, of aggressive action, and who are willing, single-handed and alone, to attack the opposing line of the enemy. Oftentimes,

directed by the Holy Spirit, the Christian rifleman may put a whole army of sinners, stout and formidable though they may be, to flight.

THE VESSEL DRIVEN BACK.—"Your gold and silver is cankered; and the rust of them shall be a witness against you, and shall eat your flesh as it were fire. Ye have heaped treasures together for the last days."—*James v, 3.*

It sometimes happens that a steam vessel, in making the port of New York, is driven back to sea, when within sight of port, and is kept out at sea till every bushel of coal is consumed. Then it becomes necessary to tear down the bulkheads of the vessel, and to burn up the doors and the furniture even so as to make steam with which to ride into harbor. What a sight is that steamer when, in the bay at anchor, she lies riddled, and ruined, and desolate in all her internal parts! Look at that man, yonder, who has been making effort after effort to reach his port—the port of happiness. He has been a money-getter for fifty years, and has been successful, and is determined now to enjoy life. Futile the effort! Every compartment of love and generosity within him has been cankered by avarice, and every noble impulse eaten up by his efforts to acquire wealth. He gets through business; he retires from active life; he sails into harbor; but sails in only with a miserable hulk. He has burnt up every thing sacred and valuable in reaching his long-coveted haven, and now has nothing on which he can rest himself for happiness. The very elements that alone could make him happy have been charred and burned up in his toil to obtain riches.

IT IS TOO MUCH.—"Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God."—*1 John iii.*

When the Danish missionaries appointed some of their Malabarian converts to translate a catechism, in which it was mentioned as the privilege of Christians that they become the sons of God, one of the translators, startled at so bold a saying, as he thought it, bursting into tears, exclaimed, "It is too much; let us rather render it, They shall be permitted to kiss his feet."

THE TWO CROWNS.—A French officer who was prisoner on his parole, at Reading, met with a Bible. He read, and was so struck with its contents, that he was convinced as to the truth of Christianity, and resolved to become a Protestant. When his gay associates rallied him for taking so serious a turn, he said in his vindication, "I have done no more than my old school-fellow, Bernadotte, who has become a Lutheran." "Yes, but he become so," said his associates, "to obtain a crown." "My object," said the Christian officer, "is the same. We only differ as to the place. The object of Bernadotte is to obtain one if possible in Sweden; mine to obtain one in heaven."

GOD AND MEANS.—"In the time of his old age Asa was diseased in his feet."—*1 Kings xv, 23.*

"Asa was sick, but of his feet," says Bishop Hall, "far from his heart; yet, because he sought to the physicians, and not to God, he escaped not. Hezekiah was sick to die; yet, because he trusted to God, and not to physicians, he was restored. Means, without God, can not help; God, without means, can, and often doth. I will use good means, not rest in them."

Papers Critical, Exegetical, and Philosophical.

THE PRE-EXISTENCE OF THE SOUL—HISTORICALLY AND CRITICALLY EXAMINED.*

BY THE EDITOR.

WE need neither speculation nor philosophical argument to assure us of the double composition of our nature. Our consciousness and experience, by an instinctive spontaneity, induct the fact. The one principle is the spiritual—the soul; the other is the physical organization—the body. But the peculiar relations, the connecting link between these elements, has ever been a matter of curious and uncertain speculation. To some it may seem a question of little importance; but its relations to the origin of the human soul, and to our personal immortality, invest it with a magnitude of importance not easily comprehended.

The ancient doctrine of the pre-existence of the soul had well-nigh died out, when it was revived by Dr. Edward Beecher, in his "Conflict of Ages," as a means of harmonizing the Divine government with our instinctive sentiments of "honor and right." The prominent place this theory held in the speculative philosophy of ancient times, and the prominent part it has been made to act at different stages in the intellectual progress of the race, render it worthy of a more thorough historical and critical examination than it has hitherto received.

In the early ages of philosophy, and we may add of speculative theology also, there seems to have been a wide diversity of opinion as to the origin of the soul. Some believed the soul to be of the proper substance of God, and was therefore not only eternal, but holy in its origin. Such was the doctrine of the Stoics, Manichæans, and many others. It was the silly fancy of some early ecclesiastics, that all souls were originally created at once, and then kept in a repository built by God; from which they were released and sent into this world when they appeared in human bodies. Others modified this fignient, by supposing that souls were made by God daily, or as they were needed for human bodies. Others contended that as the body was derived from the body, so the soul was derived from the soul. This was called *traducianism*, and was taught by Tertullian, Apollinarius, and the greater part of the westerns.† According to Pythagoras and the Platonists, the soul took its origin in the Spirit of God, and first dwelt in heaven; but was subsequently sent down to inhabit mortal bodies. Origen, whose visionary speculations contributed much toward the corruption of the simplicity of the early faith, most zealously espoused the theory of Pythagoras. He even intimates that such was the common belief; and seems to think that the words, "There was a man sent from God,"

John i, 6, as applied to John the Baptist, can be explained only on the supposition that his soul existed before his body, and was sent from a former existence to inhabit it and bear witness of the truth.

The prevailing idea among these philosophical and theological speculatists seems to have been that the souls which were clothed in human bodies, first existed in heaven; but for offenses committed there, were sent down to earth, and consequently we are here expiating the guilt of a former life.* Some, indeed, it is assumed, inflamed by an unaccountable passion, descended of their own accord.† St. Jerome assails this doctrine with the utmost vehemence; he stigmatizes it as "impious" and "wicked," and says "it now prevails in secret, as in vipers' nests; and as by a hereditary disease, glides in the few to pervade the many."

As we have already intimated, this doctrine was not confined to heathen mythologies, nor yet to the wild vagaries of heathen philosophers. It strongly tinctured the faith of many of "the Christian fathers." Closely allied to pre-existence is metempsychosis; this latter implying the former. Justin Martyr was evidently tinctured with this notion; for he speaks of a soul inhabiting a human body a second time, and gravely denies that in such case it can remember to have ever seen God.*

Clemens Alexandrinus seems also to have been involved in the hypothesis of pre-existence, if not of metempsychosis. For he speaks of the rational soul as being sent down from heaven by God. This is his language: "The soul is not, therefore, sent down from heaven for the worse. For God worketh all things toward that which is better. But the soul that leads the best life for God and righteousness, exchanges earth for heaven." He seems to regard this life as a state of discipline into which the soul enters from another and prior life. Thus, speaking of the body, he says: "It is a form thrown about us externally, the garb of our entree into the world, that we may be able to enter into this common school-room."

Arnobius also assumes the doctrine of the pre-existence of the soul, though he does not seem so clear as to the conditions of the pre-existent state. At one time, it is true, he inquires, "Do we not all owe to God, that, sent by him, or fallen by our own blindness, we are held in these corporeal bonds?" But afterward the doubt seems to arise in his mind, whether human souls were created and sent into this world by God. He says: "Far from us be the wildness of this wicked opinion, that God, omnipo-

*Clemens Alexandrinus says of Basilides, that "his hypothesis is, that the soul sinned before in another life, and awaits its punishment here; the elect honorably by martyrdom, others being purified by appropriate punishment." Origen also gives the following as the theory of Bardesanes: "When the soul sinning, transgressed the command of God, then God made coats of skins, that is, the body, and clothed them."—*Bib. Sac.*

†Clemens Alexandrinus says of Julius Cassian, "This illustrious hyper-Platonist thinks that the soul being divine above, having become effeminated by lust, came hither to birth and corruption."—*ib.*

‡We follow here mainly the translation from "Keil's Opuscula Academica."

*History of Doctrines. By K. B. Hagenbach.

Conflict of Ages. By E. Beecher, D. D.

Divine Character Vindicated. By Rev. Moses Ballou.

God Revealed in Creation and in Christ. By James B. Walker.

Bibliotheca Sacra. January, 1855.

Renouard's History of Medicine. Translated by C. G. Comegys, M. D.

†St. Jerome.

tent, maker, founder, and procreator of great and invisible realms, has produced such mobile souls, destitute of gravity, and weight, and constancy; liable to vice, prone to every species of sins, and knowing them to be such, has commanded them to enter bodies, imprisoned in which they should live under the storms and tempests of daily life, and do and suffer things base and obscene." It will be observed he does not here question the prior existence, but simply the origin of the soul in that prior existence. He even affirms that men are nothing but souls confined in bodies. Indeed, he raises the question whether it is not better to refer the origin of the race of man to some other power unheard of by us, and of unknown name, than to refer that responsibility to God.

We have already referred to Origen, that wildest of all idealistic dreamers. The Platonists considered the $\psi\chi\acute{\alpha}$ as forming the medium between the purely spiritual in man—the higher and ideal principle of reason, and the purely animal—the grosser and sensual principle of his carnal nature.* This term Origen applies to those souls which had fallen into defection from God, and lost their rectitude, and, "as it were, grown cold." He suggests "that the very name of the soul, $\psi\chi\acute{\alpha}$, may have been spoken of its refrigeration from a better and diviner state, and derived thus that it may be seen to be cooled down from its natural and divine warmth, and thus reached its present state and designation." Their souls, according to him, were refrigerated before they became the tenants of human bodies. For he teaches that God clothed them with bodies and sent them into the world, both to expiate their offenses, and to recover themselves from their lapsed condition. He accounts for the different conditions in which men are born, and the different capacities with which they are endowed by God, on the supposition that in the pre-existent state they had been more or less inimical; or had cultivated different tastes and dispositions, and to those the mortal body and the temporal condition were adapted.

But Origen was content with no ordinary range of philosophizing. He taught that the stars, in like manner as our earth, were inhabited by souls, which, having merited well or ill, become lovely or odious to God, had at length been endowed with celestial bodies. Indeed, he rises to a higher amplitude of philosophical speculation. The higher order of souls, he imagines, escape embodiment, and become transformed into angels. Some ascending to the very highest order of angelic condition and dignity; others verging on the line separating the human soul from the angelic nature.

This elastic theory was made wonderfully effective in solving not only the causes of the diversities among angels and men, but also in accounting for the monstrosities of the human race. Says he, "If from unknown reasons the soul be already not exactly worthy of being born in an irrational body, nor yet exactly in one purely rational, it is furnished with a monstrous body, so that reason can not be fully developed by one thus born, having a head disproportioned to the rest of the body, and much smaller."

The object of embodying lapsed souls, was their restoration to their original state, or to one still more exalted. "By the fall, and by cooling down a life in the spirit, came that which is now the soul, which is also

capable of a return to her original condition; of which, I think, the prophet speaks in this: 'Return unto thy rest, O my soul.' So that the whole is this: How the mind became a soul, ($\psi\chi\acute{\alpha}$), and how the soul rectified becomes a mind." This question with Origen comprised the entire philosophy of our being. According to it, life is penal—a sort of purgatory, with egress in two directions—upward to higher grades in the scale of spiritual existence, or downward toward the irrational state of being. In fact, this was little more than the old Pythagorean doctrine of metempsychosis baptized into the Christian Church.

This doctrine made considerable progress in the Church, and not a few of the most eminent of "the Fathers" were tintured with it. Even Jerome and Augustine, though they stoutly repelled the penal theory of Origen, seem to be in doubt what opinion of the soul's origin to adopt, and not unfrequently concede the probability of a pre-existence in some form. One of these forms was that taught by the celebrated Latin father, Hilarius. He says that it was not when man was made in the image of God that the body was created; but that the soul was first made, and afterward sent by divine afflatus into the body formed of the dust. Hence he says "the soul is the work of God, but the flesh is always begotten by flesh." After Hilarius, the notion of the pre-existence of the soul seems to have found fewer, or at any rate less prominent advocates in the Church. Nor is it improbable that the question was settled about this time by an ecclesiastical decision. For toward the close of the fifth century, Leo the Great says, "The Catholic faith constantly and truly affirms that human souls did not exist before they were breathed into their bodies." A little later, also, Justinian says that "the Church teaches that the soul is concreated with the body." Thus it would seem that there must have been an authoritative decision of the question during the fifth or sixth century.*

What was the origin of this doctrine? and how did it find its way into the early Church? If Jesus taught it; if it was taught by inspired men; then it has a sanction that should command our belief.

We have already intimated that vestiges of it were found in the philosophy of the ancients. Plato develops it in form. Many of the earlier fathers, after the apostolic age, were deeply tintured with the speculative philosophy of the schools. In fact, not a few of the more speculative of them sought to carry the logical definitions and processes of the philosophical schools into the domain of religion, and thus to develop a theology that should be at once scientific and in harmony with the prevailing philosophical systems. Cassian and Origen are evidently Platonizing when they develop the theory of pre-existence. Indeed, the latter, in his reply to Celsus, when urging the consistency of the doctrine that each soul sent into the body should be sent "according to merit and former behavior," virtually confesses himself to be following the teachings of philosophy rather than inspiration—of Plato rather than Jesus Christ; for he says, "I speak these things now after Pythagoras, and Plato, and Empedocles." It is just, however, to say that he attempts to establish the same theory, also, from the words and examples of Scripture.

The doctrine of pre-existence was also prevalent among

* Hagenbach's Hist. Doctrines I, p. 141.

* See Hagenbach, v. I, p. 286

the Jews; and, in fact, seems to have been very generally received among them both before and during the Mosaic and apostolic ages. From the Jewish it glided into the Christian theology. But it should be noticed that in all the earlier sacred writings of the Jews no trace of it appears—not even an allusion that would indicate the existence of such a theory. In fact, it is first found in that age of degenerate faith that gave birth to the Apocrypha. Let us take an instance. In what purports to be the "Wisdom of Solomon," viii, 19, 20, he is represented as saying, "I was a witty child, and had a good spirit. Yea, rather, being good, I came into a body undefiled." Here he evidently means to say, that because he was a good soul, that is, in the pre-existent state, therefore he was sent into a perfect body. This clearly reveals the prevalence of the notion of pre-existence, at least among the Alexandrine Jews. The Book had its origin among them in the centuries immediately preceding Christ, and shows very clearly that their theology was a strange mixture of their ancient faith with Platonic philosophy.

The theology of the Jews in Palestine had suffered equally corrupting perversions with those in Alexandria. In the first book of Maccabees—vii, 13—mention is made of the sect of Essenes—Assideans—so that it is evident that this sect existed some two hundred years before Christ. Indeed, Pliny assigns to them a very early origin. They taught the pre-existence of the soul, and also believed it to be immortal. Their doctrine of its origin was, that it came down from the highest air, drawn by some natural attraction; that it is caged in the natural body as in a prison-house; and when released, gladly wings its flight back again to the place whence it came.* Subsequently many of the Essenes embraced Christianity; but they brought along with them so many of their Essenic notions and practices, that their influence tended powerfully to corrupt the Christian faith.

Nor is it improbable that the doctrine of pre-existence flowed through Essenism as well as Platonism into the early Church.

The same doctrine, though in a form more nearly assimilated to the Pythagorean doctrine of the transmigration of souls, was held by the Pharisees—the most powerful sect among the Jews in the time of our Lord. Hence, it is not unlikely that the doctrine of pre-existence was somewhat prevalent among the common people in the time of our Savior. Indeed, traces of its existence among the people appear now and then in the Gospels. An instance of this kind occurs in John ix, 2, which seems to indicate that the disciples were infected with the notion. As Jesus went through the midst of the Jews—when they had taken up stones to cast at him—and went out of the temple, he passed by a "man who was blind from his birth." Seeing him, the disciples asked Jesus whether it was on account of his own sins, or the sins of his parents, that the man was born blind. It is clear that they assumed a pre-existent state; for how else could the man have sinned before his birth? This is strongly put by Cyril of Alexandria, who wrote as early as the fifth century; and commentators in every age since, have, for the most part, taken essentially the same view. He says, "The disciples, affected with vulgar, native ignorance of things rightly taught by us, believed that the souls of men pre-existed and lived before the formation of the body, and that, having voluntarily transgressed before the body, they were at length united to it, receiving birth in the flesh in the form of punishment."* It is probable that this notion of the disciples was rectified by the reply of our Savior, or by his subsequent teachings; for, when they come to be teachers themselves, of doctrines and morals, they never once allude to it.

We must postpone our critical examination of the doctrine to our next number.

Items, Literary, Scientific, and Religious.

CHARLES ELLIOTT, D. D.—This veteran servant of the Church, we learn, has been elected to a professorship of Biblical Literature in the Iowa Wesleyan University, and has accepted that post. Dr. Elliott had a thorough classical training in his boyhood, in the preparatory department of the Dublin University, and prosecuted classical studies with rare facility. We congratulate the University on the establishment of such a department, and on the acquisition of so ripe a scholar to fill it. Now, while we write, our heart warms at the recollection of the miles we have walked in company, and the hours we have spent in social chat together. A nobler or larger heart does not exist, than that which pulsates in the breast of Charles Elliott.

REV. DANIEL WISE'S BOOKS.—Probably no Methodist American author has had a wider sale for the productions of his pen, than Rev. Daniel Wise, late editor of *Zion's Herald*, and now the every-where admired editor of our *Sunday School Advocate*. Of his *Young Man's Coun-*

selor, 27,000 copies have been sold; of his *Young Lady's Counselor*, also 27,000 copies; of his *Path of Life*, 24,000 copies; and of his *Bridal Greetings*, 22,000. Mr. Wise's *Harp of Daniel*, *Defense of Methodism*, and other works, have run up to an aggregate sale of over 50,000 copies, making a grand total of sales for his volumes of 150,000.

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW ON CHRISTIANITY.—This quarterly, published at London, and republished in New York, has long been the sturdy and persistent opponent of the Christian religion. In the number for October, in reviewing an infidel book, the literary editor quotes this sentence, and underscores and praises it: "How many noble men have I known, upright and true, full of humility and love, who were not only strangers, but even enemies to Christian doctrines!" This means, of course, that a man can come to God just as well without Jesus Christ as through his mercy and intercession. Could infidelity be more unblushing?

* Josephus, Calmet, etc.

* Comment.

THE AMERICAN MISSIONARY BOARD.—The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions met in Newark, N. J., in October. The operations of the Board, for the past year, are as follows:

MISSIONS.	
Number of missions	23
Number of stations	124
Number of out-stations	55

LABORERS EMPLOYED.	
Ordained missionaries—6 being physicians	154
Licentiate	2
Physicians not ordained	6
Other male assistants	15
Female assistants	197
Whole number laborers sent from this country	374
Native pastors	13
Native preachers	63
Native helpers	270
Whole number of native helpers	346
Whole number of laborers connected with missions	720

THE PRESSES.	
Number of printing establishments	9
Pages printed last year	26,021,260
Pages printed from the beginning	965,000,000

THE CHURCHES.	
Number of churches—including all at Sandwich Islands	119
Number of Church members—including all at Sandwich Islands	29,903
Added during the year—including all at Sandwich Islands	1,626

EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT.	
Seminaries	7
Other boarding-schools	23
Free schools—412 supported by Hawaiian Government	694
Pupils in the seminaries—80 supported by Hawaiian Government	343
Pupils in the boarding-schools—57 supported by Hawaiian Government	686
Pupils in free schools—10,155 supported by Hawaiian Government	18,317
Whole number in seminaries and schools	19,346

COLD REGIONS EXTENDING.—It is well known as a matter of history that when Greenland was discovered it possessed a much warmer climate than it does at present. The ice-packs have been extending south from the polar regions for some centuries, and the north-east coasts of our continent are now much colder than they were three centuries ago. The cause of this is not well understood; the fact only is known. It is believed by some persons that there is a great eddy in some part of the Polar Ocean, which sometimes changes its direction, and by drifting large icebergs from one place to another, changes the climate of those places whence they are drifted, by the presence of such masses of ice diffusing their low temperatures to great distances.

In the month of July last the White Sea was blocked up with huge mountains of ice, and the commerce of Archangel stopped—something which never happened before. In the Faroe Islands snow fell in the valleys in the middle of July, the like of which also never happened before. If this drift of ice continues regularly for a few seasons, the coasts of the White Sea will become as inhospitable as those of Greenland now are.

COAL AND TREES.—It is generally admitted that coal is the product of a buried vegetation—mostly trees. How thick they must have grown in the coal period! It is calculated that an acre of coal, three feet thick, is equal to the produce of 1,940 acres of forest. The first coal-mines were worked in Belgium in the year 1198, and very soon after in England. There is now raised five times as much coal in Great Britain as in any other country; and it is estimated that there is in these isles more than 4,000 square miles of coal fields yet to be cut out.

ROMANISM IN PARIS.—Paris is given over to Romanism and infidelity. In a population of over one million, there are only twenty-eight thousand professors of evangelical religion. But there is a priest to every thousand souls; twelve male and forty-eight female conventual establishments, one of the latter, the Sisterhood of St. Vincent de Paul, having sixty-eight branches; one hundred and fifty-nine Popish schools; and twenty-three hospitals under the same auspices.

STATISTICS OF PROTESTANTISM AND ROMANISM.—The following statistics of the Protestant and Roman Catholic populations, separately, throughout the world, are given in the London Christian Witness, professedly compiled from the best authorities:

PROTESTANTS IN THE WORLD IN 1855.	
Great Britain	21,000,000
Ireland	2,000,000
Prussia	10,000,000
German States	11,000,000
Austrian Empire	3,000,000
Denmark	2,500,000
Sweden and Norway	2,500,000
Holland and Belgium	1,500,000
Switzerland	2,500,000
France	2,500,000
Russian Empire	1,200,000
Greece and Asiatic Islands	500,000
United States of America	21,000,000
British America	1,750,000
Africa and its Islands	700,000
West Indies and Guiana	1,000,000
India, Ceylon, and China	500,000
Australia and Polynesia	1,000,000
Total Protestants in the world	88,250,000

ESTIMATE OF ROMAN CATHOLICS IN 1855.	
Rome and the Papal States	3,000,000
Italian States—Tuscany, Modena, Parma	2,750,000
Naples and Sicily	8,750,000
Sardinia	5,000,000
Austrian Empire—	
German States	11,500,000
Hungary	10,000,000
Italy	5,000,000
Poland	4,000,000
Spain	14,000,000
Portugal	3,500,000
France	38,000,000
Belgium and Holland	4,500,000
Prussia	6,000,000
Switzerland	1,000,000
Russian Empire	2,000,000
Great Britain and Ireland	5,000,000
Turkish Empire	3,000,000
South American States	29,000,000
North America and Canada	2,500,000
India and China	3,000,000
West Indies and Hayti	2,500,000
Total Roman Catholics in the world	159,000,000

HARPER'S NEW WEEKLY.—January 3d, the Messrs. Harper, Franklin Square, New York, begin the publication of a weekly newspaper of the form and size of the London Illustrated News, sixteen pages quarto, under the title of "Harper's Weekly—a Journal of Civilization." The price to single subscribers will be \$2.50 a year. Some of the best literary talent in the United States will be concentrated on its pages.

MISSIONARY CONTRIBUTIONS AMONG BRITISH AND AMERICAN METHODISTS.—The Wesleyans of Great Britain number less than one-half of the Methodists of America, yet they contributed last year \$750,000 to general missionary purposes, while American Methodists contributed less than \$216,000. The British Wesleyans are vastly poorer, taken as a body, than the Methodists of America, and yet they gave at the rate of about two dollars a member, while we gave at the rate of about one-eighth as much, that is to say, twenty-seven cents a member.

Literary Notices.

NEW BOOKS.

THE volume of Lectures from W. H. Milburn, "the blind preacher," has deservedly attracted the attention of the literary public. They are written in a most genial and pleasing style, abound with apt illustrations and striking anecdotes, as well as keen logic. Mr. Milburn has a mind of uncommon fertility, and a taste cultivated with assiduous care. The leading themes are the Rifle, the Ax, and the Saddle-Bags; Songs in the Night, or, the Triumphs of Genius over Blindness; An Hour's Talk about Woman; and French Chivalry in the South-West. The second of these Lectures possesses uncommon interest, not only for its own intrinsic excellence, but from the fact that its author himself affords one of the most striking instances of the triumph of genius over blindness. New York: Derby & Jackson. 12mo., 309 pages. Cincinnati: H. W. Derby.

COOKING occupies an important place among the useful arts in this world of materiality. To be able to do up *good cooking* is an acquirement of rare importance to every lady. Widdifield's new Cook-Book is designed to aid in this acquisition; all its receipts have been tested by the author, and others; the statement of them is simple and plain; and the work is got up in excellent style. The work probably has no superior. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson. 410 pages. Cincinnati.

A MORE charming or instructive series of books for the young than HARPER'S STORY BOOKS, it will be difficult to find. Volume 6, now before us, contains: "John True, or the Christian Experience of an Honest Boy;" "Elfred, or the Blind Boy and his Pictures;" and "The Museum, or Curiosities Explained." Volume 7 contains: "The Engineer, or How to Travel in the Woods;" "Rambles Among the Alps;" "The Three Gold Dollars, or an Account of the Adventures of Robert Genen." Volume 8 contains: "The Gibraltar Gallery, being an Account of things both Curious and Useful;" "The Alcove, or some further account of Timboo, Mark, and Fanny;" and "Dialogues for the Amusement and Instruction of Young Persons." The works are written by Jacob Abbott, in a style adapted admirably to their object; and their whole style of getting up, and of illustration, is equally admirable in design and execution.

THE TRIUMPHS OF INDUSTRY—illustrated by the life of Adam Clarke, LL. D.—is an 18mo. publication of the American Sunday School Union, and in a neat and tasteful manner runs through the main incidents in the life of the great Wesleyan commentator.

WESLEY AND HIS FRIENDS is also from the same author, and published by the Union. It is necessarily brief—too brief. But it will convey to the mind of the reader a good idea of the life, character, and labors of that great man; and we are glad the American Sunday School Union have placed such a work upon their catalogue. Its author, we understand, is the Rev. Mr. Mudge, of the New England conference.

LIFE OF REV. ELBERT OSBORNE is a compendious narration of the most striking passages in the life and ministry of one of our most earnest and devoted men. It

will be read with interest and spiritual comfort by the thousands who have been blessed by his ministry; and also by many others.

PERIODICALS AND PAMPHLETS.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW for October, 1856, contains: The Life and Writings of Francis Arago; New Poets; Sinai, Palestine, and Mecca; Veshe's Courts of Prussia, Saxony, and Bavaria; Alpine Travelers; Beaumarchais and his Times; De Candolle's Geographical Botany; Perversion; M. de Tocqueville's France before the Revolution; The Political Crisis in the United States. The London, Edinburgh, North British, and Westminster are republished by L. Scott & Co., 79 Fulton-street, New York city. Price, \$3 a year; or the four Reviews and Blackwood, \$10.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE for November, 1856, has: Mr. Ruskin and his Theories; Sublime and Ridiculous; The Athelings, or the Three Gifts, part VI; The Scot Abroad, or the Man of Art; Scandinavia; A Cause Worth Trying; Touching Temporalities; Baden-Baden, or Table and other Talk There; and The Art of Caviling. Published by L. Scott & Co., New York. Three dollars a year.

THE LEGAL PROFESSION—an address delivered before the Law Department of the University of Louisville, Ky., by Hon. Bellamy Storer, of Cincinnati, O.

HUMANITIES AND MATHEMATICS—an address delivered before the Cincinnati Teachers' Association. By Rev. D. Shephardson, President of Woodward High School, Cincinnati.

PRESIDENT BERRY'S INAUGURAL ADDRESS, delivered upon his installation as President of the Iowa Wesleyan University, together with the charge delivered by Rev. J. H. Power, D. D. The address of Dr. Berry is one of great power and excellence.

BALLS AND THE BALL-ROOM—a sermon, by Rev. W. A. Miller, of the Troy conference.

APPLETON'S GUIDE is an indispensable companion to those who have occasion to travel by railroad and steamboat. Price, 25 cents.

WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY, for 1856-7. President, A. W. Smith, LL. D., assisted by six professors. Seniors, 29; juniors, 36; sophomores, 35; freshmen, 54—total, 151.

MINNESOTA ANNUAL CONFERENCE.—Minutes of the first session. Bishop Simpson, President; Jaber Brooks, Secretary. Members of the conference, 29; probationers, 16; Church members, 1,364; probationers, 323; local preachers, 44.

MINUTES OF THE CINCINNATI ANNUAL CONFERENCE, for the year 1856. Bishop Ames, President; Rev. J. T. Mitchell, Secretary; and Revs. J. F. Marlay and J. J. Thompson, Assistant Secretaries. Total membership, 31,458; local preachers, 254.

NEWBERRY SEMINARY AND FEMALE COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE, Newberry, W., Rev. Charles W. Cushing, A. M., President, shows a list of students for the year of 750.

Notes and Queries.

THE MAGIC ISLE IN THE RIVER OF TIME.—From a Crawfordsville (La.) correspondent, we received the following: In answer to the inquiry of your correspondent, I send you a copy of "The Magical Isle in the River of Time," as it was first published, with the author's name, and, also, what I suppose to be a copy of the same, as it was published in Harper's Magazine of August, 1854. Since that time it has floated through the newspapers, in a mutilated form, as "The Enchanted Island." What the author is, or where she lives, or what else she has written, I do not know, but would like to be informed, for I have long admired the poem as one of the best of the day.

J. M.

THE MAGICAL ISLE IN THE RIVER OF TIME.

BY MARY E. BACHELER.

There's a magical isle in the river of time,
Where softest of echoes are straying,
And the isle is as sweet as a musical chime,
Or the exquisite breath of a tropical clime
When June with the roses is staying.

'Tis there memory dwells, with her pale golden hue,
And music forever is flowing,
While the low musical tones that come tremblingly through,
Sadly trouble the heart, and yet sweeten it too,
As south winds o'er waters are blowing.

There are shadowy hills in the fairy-like isle,
Where pictures of beauty are gleaming;
Yet the light of their eyes, and their sweet, sunny smile
Only flash round the heart with a 'wildering wile,
And leave us to know 'tis but dreaming.

And the name of this isle is the beautiful past,
And we bury our treasures all there;
There are beings of beauty, too lovely to last;
There are bosoms of snow, with the dust o'er them cast;
There are tresses and ringlets of hair;

There are fragments of songs only memory sings,
And the word of a dear mother's prayer:
There's a harp long unswept, and a lute without strings;
There are flowers all withered, and letters, and rings—
Hallowed tokens that love used to wear.

E'en the dead, the bright, beautiful dead there arise,
With their soft flowing ringlets of gold;
Though their voices are hushed, and o'er their sweet eyes
The unbroken signet of silence now lies,
They are with us again as of old.

In the stillness of night hands are beckoning us there,
And with joy that is almost a pain
We delight to turn back, and in wandering there,
Through the shadowy halls of this island so fair,
We behold our lost treasure again.

O, this beautiful isle, with its phantom-like show,
Is a vista unfadingly bright;
And the river of time in its turbulent flow,
Is oft soothed by the voices we heard long ago,
When the years were a dream of delight.

WHY DO WE TURN TO THE RIGHT?—I have heard, or read, though I can not now recall my authority, that the American custom of taking the *right* hand of the road in meeting vehicles from the opposite direction, was first adopted in this country at the period of the Revolution; previous to which time, the usage was directly the re-

verse, as is yet the case in England. The motive of the change was said to be the desire felt by the people in their new-born independence, of differing, in this as well as in other things, from the customs prevailing in the mother country. The rule which holds in England, I think by common law, is given by some quaint versifier as follows:

"The rule of the road is a paradox quite,

In driving your carriage along;

If you keep to the *left*, you are sure to go *right*,

If you keep to the *right*, you go *wrong*."

In this country the earliest lesson we are taught is, to "*keep the right*," not in morals only, but on the highways and byways; and wherever two men might possibly come in collision.

Certainly the reason alleged above for a change from the old English custom, is too frivolous even for the impulsive times of a revolution; and if a change were desirable at all, for the sake of contrariety, there were many other customs that might, with just as much propriety, have been changed, which have, nevertheless, continued to this day in this country as they were in the land of our fathers. I think a sufficient reason for the difference of custom in this one particular, may be found in the very different circumstances of the two countries. In England, an old-settled country, the roads are *broad* roads, level, and safe to travel, and it is not hazardous to drive on any part of the track, even to the verge. Accordingly, having a plain path before him, the only point to which the attention of the driver need be directed is to avoid collision with the vehicles meeting him; and as he always sits on the right hand of his own carriage, in which position his eye best commands the wheels on that side, it is but reasonable that he should turn out to the *left*, as by so doing he will be able most surely to guard against the only danger to be apprehended.

In our newer country, on the opposite, the roads are narrow, rough, and generally bordered by treacherous banks and ditches. Accordingly it behooves the driver to keep as far from the verge of the road as possible; or, if compelled to approach it, to do so on that side of the road nearest to which he sits, and where he may best survey the danger. The chance of striking the opposite carriage on the unguarded side, is less formidable than the hazard of oversetting his own carriage on the other side. And so Americans properly enough *turn to the right*.

If it be inquired, Why then not have made the change earlier than the Revolution, if there were reason for a change at all? it may be answered that English law regulated the matter till the severance of the two countries had left it an open question on this side of the Atlantic. The matter is now one of *statute law* in this country, which I think was not the fact before the Revolution, and is not the fact in European countries.

W. G. W.

PANIC, DIDO, PEAN.—The word panic is from Pan, the name of a heathen god. It had its origin in this way: Pan was the general of Bacchus. On one occasion he used the following stratagem: He commanded his soldiers to set up a hideous shouting in the night. Through

this, the enemies encamped against him, being struck with fear, fled. Hence the word panic.

Dido was the proper name of a Syrian princess, who fled from her native country, and founded the city of Carthage. Cooper, in his Notes on Virgil, says the name implies beautiful, or well-beloved. But the Classical Dictionary states that it was given her because she stabbed herself upon a funeral pile which she had erected; and that the word signifies "valiant woman." Its modern use originated probably in her adventures with Kneass. See Virgil.

Pean is a Greek word transferred into English. It was derived from a verb signifying to strike, hit, smite. It was a hymn of praise in honor of Apollo, because he killed the serpent, Python. A. G.

AN IDIOT BOY'S EPITAPH.—The following is said to be inscribed upon the tomb of an idiot boy, at Colne, in Lancashire, England. It is very beautiful:

"If innocence may claim a place in heaven,
And little be required for little given,
My great Creator has for me in store
A world of bliss—what can the wise have more?"

HIGHLAND NAMES.—The following table gives the names of the principal Highland clans in Scotland:

M'Intosh, the son of the First.
M'Donald, the son of Brown Eyes.
M'Dugall, the son of Black Eyes.
M'Onnechy, or Duncan, the son of Brown Head.
M'Gregor, the son of a Greek man.
M'Cuthbert, the son of the Arch-Druid.
M'Kay, the son of the Prophet.
M'Taggart, the son of the Priest.
M'Leod, the son of the Wonder.
M'Lean, the son of the Lion.
M'Kenzie, the son of the Friendly One.
M'Intyre, the son of the Carpenter.
Campbell, crooked mouth.
Cameron, crooked nose.
Stewart, high-stay or support.

"A SABBATH DAY'S JOURNEY."—*My Dear Editor*,—Would not you be kind enough to tell the good brethren who are in the habit of praying every Sunday morning, "That we may all make this day a Sabbath day's journey toward heaven," that if their prayer were answered literally, and not according to the spirit of it, we would on said Sabbath day accomplish less than *one-fiftieth* of the distance we are wont to travel when we make only an ordinary day's progress! Such is the fact in regard to "a Sabbath day's journey." This expression, as well as the thing itself, is due to the Rabbinic glosses on the command to the Israelites in the camp, "Let no man go out of his place on the seventh day." Exod. xvi, 29. A day's journey in oriental countries is about thirty-three miles, while the distance a Jew might go on the Sabbath day was limited, after the return from the Babylonish captivity, to rather less than two-thirds of a mile—3,648 feet—lest the day should be desecrated by excessive labor. The way in which the expression is used by some of our ill-read-in-Jewish archaeology occidentals, would lead one to suppose that they had some secret notion respecting the amount of work to be done on the Sabbath day, similar to that entertained by "Old Grimes's" cat—

"On every day she caught a mouse,
On Sunday she caught two."

VIATOR.

SOME NAMES OF THE DEVIL.—Among the Gauls it was believed that a race of demi-gods dwelt on the earth, similar to the Satyrs and Fauns of the Etruscan mythology, that they had secret commerce with mortals, and were constantly watching for opportunities of lust. Assuming at will either sex, they played sad tricks among men. These malignant spirits were named *Duses*; and this name the Christian monks adopted to designate, not the emissaries, but the prince of darkness himself. We commonly spell the term *deuce*.

In Scandinavia, the god Nocco was supposed to hold the empire of the sea, as Neptune and Poseidon among the southern nations. Drowned persons were thought to be seized away by this god, and suffocated under water. In some parts of Denmark he was called *Nick*. He was seen, not only in the sea, but in the rivers and deep waters, as a marine monster, having the appearance of a man from his waist upward; but below terminating in the tail of a *dolphin*. In fairy mythology, the *mermen* and *mermaids* are so represented. We get this name from the Scandinavians, to denote the prince of evil spirits. The epithet *old* is used, perhaps, to denote familiarity; or, as in the Apocalypse, the *old* serpent or dragon.

S. W. W.

WYCLIFFE.—The first complete translation of the Bible into English, such as it was in that day, was made by Wycliffe, about the year 1380. So long before the era of printing, it was, of course, only circulated in manuscript; and by the time that art came to be applied to the multiplication of the Scriptures, it was superseded by later and better translations. The work has, however, been all printed for the first time, in our own day—1848. Wycliffe's opposition to the corruptions of the Church brought upon him the anathemas of Rome; but after all his persecutions he died in his bed, in 1384. More than forty years after his death, his bones were dug up by the command of the Council of Constance—the same council that sent Huss and Jerome of Bohemia to the stake—and burnt to ashes and thrown into the Swift, a small stream tributary to the Avon.

Wycliffe's enemies doubtless supposed that by destroying his remains they would exterminate his heresies from the earth; but they were disappointed, even in their own day, and much more since. As the Church historian, Fuller, remarks, "The Swift conveyed his ashes into the Avon, the Avon into the Severn, the Severn into the narrow seas, and they into the main ocean; and thus the ashes of Wycliffe were made the emblems of his doctrines, which have been dispersed all the world over."

This happy illustration of Fuller I have seen expressed in meter, and recall one stanza. Can any of your readers refer me to the author, or give the whole of the poem in your "Notes?"

"The Avon to the Severn runs,
The Severn to the sea;
And wide as are those waters spread
His dust shall carried be."

W. G. W.

BARBER'S STRIPED POLES.—A brother beloved sends us the following from Columbus, O.: In your Notes and Queries for November, a correspondent inquires, "Can any one tell how a *striped pole* came to be the *sign of the barber fraternity*?" By referring to almost any of the old encyclopedias, your correspondent will find that the barber's craft was dignified with the title of a profession, being joined with the art of surgery. The functions of

the barber-surgeon comprised the cure of wounds, simple surgical operations, and blood-letting, together with shaving and the cutting and dressing of hair, technically called *trimming*. The barber's sign consisted of a striped pole, from which was suspended a basin, symbols the use of which is still preserved. The fillet round the pole indicated the ribbon for bandaging the arm in bleeding, and the basin the vessel to receive the blood. F.

ANOTHER SOLUTION comes from Camden, N. J.: My understanding of the barber's sign is, that the pole represents the arm of man, and, as was the custom in Europe for the barbers to leech, the red stripe then represents the blood taken from. W. M. L.

Solutions of the above were also received from J. W. M., of New Orleans; J., of Baltimore, Ia.; and C. W., of Memphis, Tenn.

BROWN STUDY.—The following solution of the "Brown Study" query reaches us from Baltimore, Ia.: The primary meaning of the words "brown study" may be seen from its analysis: "Brown"—gloomy, morose—"study." From that signification the transition was easy to its present meaning. Thinking I may convey some information on these two points, I have thrown this

off hastily. Doubtless you have at hand more satisfactory replies to the queries, and, if so, you can cast this aside. J.

ANSWER TO "LIZZIE," in the November number. Because they *don't* know any better! J. W. M.

THE NUMBER OF DAYS IN EACH MONTH.—"Veritas," of Red-Rock, Minn., gives us an improved version of the old rhyme, *queried* in October; but he does not tell us *"whence"* it comes. "It should read," he says,

"30 days hath September,
April, June, and November;
February hath 28 alone,
And all the rest have 31,
Except when leap year doth combine,
Then February days are 29."

MINOR QUERIES.—Who is the author of the description of the person of the Savior often published in the papers, and attributed to Josephus, in "Webb's Normal Reader, No. 4?" J. W. M.

Why are the November elections appointed to be held "on *Tuesday after the first Monday*" in the month? Why not on the *first Tuesday* in November?

J. W. M.

Mirror of Apothegm, Wit, Repartee, and Anecdote.

MR. DODD, THE PREACHER.—Mr. Dodd having preached against the profanation of the Sabbath, which prevailed among the more wealthy of his parish, was told by a servant of a nobleman, "Sir, you have offended my lord to-day." Mr. Dodd replied, "I should not have offended your lord, except that he had been conscious that he had offended my Lord, and if your lord will offend my Lord, let him be offended."

GOOD SECURITY.—DEAN SWIFT.—A person who wished to borrow a small sum of money, being asked, by Swift, whom he proposed as security, "I have none to offer," said the poor man, "excepting my faith in my Redeemer." Swift accepted the security, and made the entry accordingly, with all formality, and declared that none of his debtors were more punctual than this man.

WHAT'S GOING ON?—One sunny morning, a quidnunc and a bore was sauntering down Regent-street, seeking whom he might devour with his interminable twaddle. At length he espies, approaching in hot haste, the witty and no less busy Douglass Jerrold. He stops and fastens on him. The quidnunc puts his usual question, "Well, my dear Jerrold, what's going on?" Releasing himself, the wit strides hastily away, exclaiming, "I am."

HOLDIN' TO THE OLD MEETIN'-HOUSE.—An old lady in Vermont was asked by a young clergyman to what religious denomination she belonged. "I don't know," said she, "nor do I care anything about your nominations; for my part I hold to the old meetin'-house, and what's more, I mean to belong there."

"HE DIDN'T MEAN TO BE MEAN."—A writer in the Burlington Sentinel says, that in one of the back towns of a neighboring state, where it is the custom for the district school-teacher to "board round," the following incident

occurred, and is vouched for by the highest authority. A year or two ago, an allotment being made in the usual manner for the benefit of the schoolmistress, it happened that the proportion of one man was just two days and a half. The teacher sat down to dinner on the third day, and was beginning to eat, when the man of the house addressed her as follows: "Madam, I suppose your boarding time is out when you eat half a dinner; but, as I don't want to be mean about it, you may eat, if you choose, about as much as usual."

EXPRESSIVE DEFINITIONS.—The Mongrells, an African race, call thunder "the sky-gun," the morning, "the day's child;" and one who is intoxicated is said to be "taken captive by rum." One of the tribe who recently visited England, when asked what ice was, said, "Him be water fast asleep;" and of the railway locomotive, he said, "Him be one thunder-mill."

GOOD FOR THE EYES.—To give brilliancy to the eyes, shut them early at night, and open them early in the morning; let the mind be constantly intent on the acquisition of human knowledge, or on the exercise of benevolent feelings. This will scarcely ever fail to impart to the eyes an intelligent and amiable expression.

LACONIC ADDRESS.—Admiral Duncan's punning address to the officers who came on board his ship for instructions, previous to the engagement off Camperdown with the Dutch Admiral, De Winter, was both laconic and humorous: "Gentlemen, you see a severe *Winter* approaching. You can't possibly do better than *keep up a good fire*."

CONVERSATION.—Conversation is a traffic; and if you enter into it without some stock of knowledge to balance the account perpetually betwixt you, the trade stops at once.—*Sterne*.

Scraps for the Wardrobe, the Boudoir, the Toilet, the Parterre, and the Kitchen.

BLONDE LACE.

To clean blonde lace—that which is red—cut some old soft linen into strips, a little wider than the lace; make them into one length; then tack the lace very carefully and evenly at the extreme edges; then make a lather of soap-suds, with the chill just off the water; put in the lace, let it remain about half an hour, then pass it gently through the hands till quite clean, but do not rub it; and afterward rub or rinse in cold water. If the lace be very yellow, add a very little blue; then squeeze the lace in a towel, but do not wring it; pull out the strip of linen as wide as can be, and place it in a large book, passing the strip from leaf to leaf. If the book be printed, place white paper next the blonde. Press the book very heavily for two days; then remove it, taking the lace from the linen very carefully.

THE HANDS.

Nothing is so conducive to the beauty of a lady's hands as frequent washing in warm water, and with fine soaps. Gloves, too, if worn in the house, are said to preserve the delicacy of the hands. After washing the hands, they should always be rubbed dry; if this be not done, the damp left on the skin is apt to turn them red, than which nothing can be more detrimental to the pleasing appearance of the hands. When, however, they have been neglected for any length of time, or have been naturally coarse and of a dark color, an excellent thing to wash with is oatmeal. First wash the hands well in warm water and the best of soap; then take some of the meal in the hands, and, after wetting it, keep rubbing them together some time; then dry them well with a coarse towel. By this means the uneven surface of the skin gradually becomes softened, and the color will become improved. For giving a temporary whiteness to the hands, the expressed juice of lemon is sometimes used. A very common notion prevails, that the use of oil and wax, and sleeping in kid gloves, refines the hands—a practice very unhealthy, inefficacious, and absurd.

A SWEET BREATH.

In sweetening the breath, almost the only substance which a lady should admit to her toilet, is the concentrated solution of chlorid of soda. From six to ten drops of it in a wineglassful of pure water from the spring, taken immediately after the operations of the morning are completed. In some cases the odor arising from carious teeth is combined with that of the stomach. To remedy this, rinse the mouth well with a teaspoonful of the solution of the chlorid in a tumbler of water.

PARLOR FLOWER-PLANTS.

Those ladies who delight themselves in cultivating flowers in the parlor, will do well to bear in mind that house-plants are always greatly benefited by being placed out of doors in the summer months, especially during gentle showers; and such as have no other convenience may place them outside the windows. Water is often very injudiciously applied to plants in rooms, and the

evil arises from falling into the opposite extremes of too little and too much. Fear of spoiling the carpet, forgetfulness, and sometimes fear of injuring the plant, are the chief causes of an undersupply of water. On the other hand, many think that such plants should be watered every day, or at stated periods, without inquiring whether it is necessary or not. Saucers or pans are often placed under flower-pots, to prevent the water which escapes from soiling the apartment; but in these cases the saucers should be partly filled with gravel, to prevent the roots from being soaked with water.

CLEANING AND COLORING GLOVES.

Faded or soiled white kid gloves—if not greasy—may be colored any of the ordinary dyes, by brushing the latter over the gloves stretched out, the surface alone being wetted, and two or three coats being given successively as they become dry; when they have become quite dry, after these operations, the superfluous color must be rubbed off, and a smooth surface imparted by rubbing with a polished stick, or ivory handle, touching the whole over finally with a sponge dipped in the white of egg. Kid gloves may be cleaned by placing them on a board, and stretching out their fingers; then take a mixture of ten parts of alcohol and two parts turpentine, and rub them with this, using a soft sponge for the purpose, which will remove the grease and dirt, and not injure the color; all the dirt and liquid must be pressed out of the gloves with the sponge, by squeezing it in the hand, then rubbing it on the gloves to absorb the liquid, till no more can be taken up. Both the outside and the inside of the gloves are to be treated thus; they are then to be dried in a moderately dry oven, and the fingers stretched to prevent shrinking.

LADIES' NAMES BEFORE AND AFTER MARRIAGE.

Ladies should have but one given name, and, when they marry, should retain their maiden name as a middle name. This is a practice among the Society of Friends, and, if generally adopted, we should know at once, on seeing a lady's name, whether she was married or single, and if the former, what the name of her family was. And it is further to be considered, that the adoption of this rule of but a single first name, would put an end to the numerous brood of Emma Mevalindas and Euphenia Helen Lauras—a style of nomenclature not in pure taste.

A PRETTY CROCHET CUFF.

A pretty crochet cuff may be worked with a fine steel needle, in the following manner: Make a chain five inches long, work one row of long open crochet; work all round afterward. For the first round, long open crochet, and put four stitches into each end hole. Second round, double crochet. Third round, open crochet, into every chain-stitch, instead of every other one in turning the ends, to make it lie flat. Fourth round, open crochet, but in turning the ends put two stitches into each hole. Fifth round, double crochet. Sixth round, make a chain of eight loops; attach it to the former round on every fifth stitch; work three double crochet stitches. Seventh round, work four stitches of open crochet into the four

center stitches of the chain in the former round; then make a chain of two loops. A cuff of choice neatness is the result.

TASTE IN DRESS.

The world has by this time made the discovery that costliness in dress does not constitute richness, or gaudiness of materials elegance. The fashions of antiquity bear no comparison in either richness of appearance or elegance, with those of our own days, and yet stuffs of the most extravagant materials, such as cloth of silver and gold, ornamented with precious stones, were employed in them. The use of such costly fabrics unquestionably constituted a great show and magnificence, but it was only magnificence in the vulgar application of the word. What in our day is admired more than all this show, is the taste and grace displayed, not only in the materials of a costume, but in its shape and fit. Where the occasion demands it, we can have all the richness of antique fash-

ions, combined with that harmony of combination which forms the great charm of modern female attire.

YOUNG LADIES' TOILET.

Young unmarried ladies ought always to appear what they really are, and not affect womanhood prematurely. Simplicity is always becoming to their years; and they have one attraction which no art can lighten, and that is, the fresh bloom of youth. It is labor in vain to gild refined gold, or add a perfume to the violet. Flounced dresses should be absolutely banished from the toilet of young ladies, except for special occasions, and even then the double skirt is preferable. Nothing can be more charming than the following toilet: A frock of white silk, blue silk, or pink silk, with a double skirt, having a plain hem; the body plain pointed, and ornamented with braces of roses, forming a bouquet at the waist, and on each shoulder. In the hair, a group of roses on one side, or a bunch of them on the back hair.

Sideboard for Children.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS OF THE LITTLE ONES.—We must enlarge our "Sideboard for Children." The interest this department has awakened demands it. The material constantly accumulating requires it. At the same time we shall give to it a little wider range, retaining the "cute sayings" and the "wise doings;" but also, as we shall have room, such other matter as may relate to childhood, its nature, development, and destiny.

We will introduce our series by a poem originally designed for the body of the work; but equally appropriate here. It is entitled

THE INFANT'S EVENING PRAYER.

BY JAMES STEPHENSON.

I lately saw, at eve, a lovely child
Upon his mother's knee. His little feet
Were weary, pattering all the day, and his
Fringed eyelids closed from view his azure orbs
As tinted clouds obscure the evening stars;
But by an unseen angel gently touched,
He smiling woke again, and though his
Fettered tongue could scarcely wear the language
Of a prayer, there came in low, sweet accents,
From his rosy, parted lips, those sacred
Words which live so long in memory's tone,
And make the name of home and mother dear:
"Now 'ord I say me down to seep."
O, happy child! type of the Infinite!
Would that thy purity and innocence
Were the inheritance of riper years!
Long life and many godlike deeds be thine,
Expanding bud of immortality!
And in declining age remember her
Who plumed in infancy thy soul for heaven.

PRAYING TILL WE GET BLESSED.—It is often marvelous how much of the true discernment of the spirit of prayer there is in the heart of a little child. A New York correspondent gives us the following incident, which contains a good hint on the subject of family worship:

A lady friend of mine took her little boy to visit her grandparents. On their arrival he proceeded to take a careful survey of the room where they were sitting, and its contents; then turning to his grandfather, he asked, "Whose house is

this?" "Mine," said the grandfather. "Do you pray in it?" asked the little boy. "Yes," was the reply. "Do you pray in it as we pray in our house?" again interrogated little Theron. "How do you pray?" queried the old gentleman. "Why," said he, "we always pray till we get blest." J. W. M.

HOW THE CLOUDS ARE HELD UP.—The philosophical queries of childhood in regard to natural phenomena, illustrate the instinctive outgoings of the soul after knowledge. Says a brother:

I am much pleased with that portion of the Repository which is devoted to the interests of the "little folks," and I send you a contribution for it. Our little one of some three "summers," was one day "concerned" about the manner in which the clouds were kept up in the sky. "How," said she, "does God hold up the clouds? does he have a rope to hold them up with? I should think they were so heavy they would break the ropes and fall down." She had been studying nature; and was evidently penetrated with the idea that all the phenomena of the natural world must have some adequate cause. J. H. STALLARD.

WHITE LIES DEFINED.—It was Swift, we believe, who remarked that although the devil be the father of lies, he seems, like other great inventors, to have lost much of his reputation by the continual improvements that have been made upon him. One of these improvements is termed "white lies"—a species of eel-like reptile, which sometimes glides through the consciences of even professedly good people, without friction. Here is a child's unsophisticated perception of their character:

My two little sisters, Katie and Nannie, asked me the other evening to "tell them a story." So I made up one, *a la Munchausen*, some parts of which excited their incredulity.

"Ah!" said Katie, "that's not true, is it?"

"No," said I, "you told me to tell you a story."

"Then," echoed Nannie, "is it not a lie?"

"Not a real lie," I replied; "only a *white lie*."

"A white lie!" she responded, "what is a white lie?"

"Don't you know?" asked Katie.

"No, nor you either."

"But I do," said Katie.

"Well, now, what is it?"

"Why," said Katie—"why, a white lie—a white lie—is—is—a black lie with a white dress on!" F. G. H.

Editor's Table.

GIVE US A PLACE AT YOUR FIRESIDE.—It is a winter evening. The cold winds of January sweep over the plain. The windows rattle, and the very dwelling seems to tremble as the fitful gusts dash against it, and then in whirling eddies whistle along their lonely way. The finger of the frost king has sketched a delicate tracery on the outside of every pane. And just now, as the last tints of the evening twilight are fading away, the tall forest-trees in the distance are faintly descried lifting up their leafless arms against the sky—now and then hidden by the sheeted cloud tossed up from the snow-clad plain. It is a chilly night. Cold and dark without; but within there is light and warmth. The blazing fire diffuses a glow of comfort all around. The labors of the day are past; its feverish excitements are now stilled by the evening's calm. The pleasing tale and the sprightly repartee give life and animation to the joys of the home circle. Friends, a gentle messenger comes knocking at your door; he comes the harbinger of good, to enter into congenial sympathy with you, to add, if it may be, an additional charm to your home joy. Make way for him, then, in your loved circle; give him a seat by your fireside; let him contribute his mite to its social and intellectual good.

VIEW ON THE ESOPUS.—The Esopus is a tributary of the Hudson, meandering among the hills and through the valleys of Ulster county. Its charming scenery and quiet retreats present attractions to the poet and the artist rarely equaled. Along its banks they wander, courting the inspirations of the muse, or catching the tints of nature in her classic beauty. One of these charming spots is before the reader, penciled by one of our best painters, and engraved by "the first of American artists." It is one of those scenes which call up the recollection of meandering streams and cooling shades, where one, sick of the bustle of the city and wearied with the cares of life, loves to sit and dream away the fervid hours of a summer day. We should add, that the gratuitous use of the original painting, for this engraving, was given by its proprietor, William Smilie, Esq., of the firm of Toppen, Carpenter & Co., New York city, and for that use he has our thanks.

BISHOP SIMPSON.—Really this engraving is very much to our own liking, both as to the lifelike expression of the countenance and the artistic execution. Dr. Simpson is a native of the state of Ohio, and was born June 10, 1810. When about eighteen years of age he entered Alleghany College as a student, and subsequently became a tutor in the institution. Turning his attention to the profession of medicine, he graduated as a physician in 1833. But being convinced of his call to the work of the ministry, instead of entering upon the practice of medicine, he offered himself to that work, and was admitted into the Pittsburg annual conference, and appointed to West Wheeling circuit. The next two years he was stationed in Pittsburg city, and the fourth in the city of Monongahela. In 1837 he was elected to the professorship of Natural Science in Alleghany College; and two years later to the Presidency of Indiana Asbury

University. Here he was eminently successful. The impress of his own genius and enterprise was stamped upon that noble institution; and a host of young men, eminent in all the walks of useful life, were sent out under his auspices to bless the Church and the world. The honorary A. M. was conferred upon him in 1835, by Alleghany College, and that of D. D. by the Wesleyan University, in 1843. He was a delegate to the General conference, in 1844, '48, and '52. In 1848 he was elected to the editorship of the Western Christian Advocate; and at the General conference of '52, bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Since then he has been before the whole Church as one of the most efficient men upon the episcopal bench—distinguished alike for his wisdom in council and his eloquence in the pulpit.

RELIGION AND THE FINE ARTS.—With profound gratitude the Christian recognizes the fact that the most perfect achievements of art have been in some form consecrated to religion; among the followers of the Savior—to that religion of which the cross is the symbol. There is something in the sublime themes, and the deep promptings of religion, which imparts to the inspiration of genius a power almost divine. Indeed, the connection between the fine arts and the religious sentiments is more natural and essential than we are apt to imagine. There is a deep philosophy here, which is recognized by the great Author of our faith, who has made Art the handmaid of Religion in all ages.

The remark of Coleridge about poetry is equally applicable to music and painting. "Poetry," says he, "has been to me its own exceeding great reward; it has given me the habit of wishing to discover the Good and the Beautiful in all that meets and surrounds me." Jean Paul says with equal force and delicacy: "There are so many tender and holy emotions playing about in our inward world, which, like angels, can never assume the body of an outward act; so many rich and lovely flowers spring up which bear no seed, that it is a happiness Poetry has invented, which receives into its limbus all these incorporeal spirits, and the perfume of all these flowers." Let us add also the testimony of Sir William Temple, whose profound knowledge of literature and science, and whose exalted piety will give double weight to his testimony: "I know," says he, "very well, that many who pretend to be wise, are apt to despise both music and poetry, as toys and trifles too light for the use or entertainment of serious men; but whoever find themselves wholly insensible to these charms, would, I think, do well to keep their own council, for fear of bringing the goodness of their natures, if not their understandings, into question; it may be thought an ill sign, if not an ill constitution." Shakespeare takes up the thought where Sir William Temple leaves it, and pushes it forward to its legitimate results:

"The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus.
Let no such man be trusted."

We can not, however, quite agree with some of "the Fathers," who, it is said, went so far as to esteem the love of music a sign of predestination unto eternal life; regarding it a thing divine, and reserved for the felicities of heaven itself. But that exquisite sensibility of soul which can appreciate and enjoy the productions of art, may, we must admit, possess a kindred likeness to that, which shall, by and by, exhaust its highest effort, and realize its sublimest joy in the survey of those beauties—infinitely above all human art—which adorn the Heaven of heavens.

But if Art is made the handmaid of Faith, and the minister of religious sensibility; on the other hand, Religion reacts on Art, supplying its loftiest themes, and its sublimest inspiration. The pencil consecrated to the themes of religion has achieved its grandest results. The genius of Da Vinci won its grandest triumph in the production of "The Last Supper;" and the genius of Guido never seemed more completely to transcend the boundaries of mere human art, than when it transferred to canvas its living conceptions of "The Beatified Spirit," "The Penitence of Peter," and "Christ Crowned with Thorns." So, also, "the greatest triumphs in music—the 'Messiah,' with its unequalled grandeur and pathos; the 'Israel in Egypt,' with its overwhelming choral magnificence; the 'Creation,' with its elevated joy and rapt sweetness; the 'Mount of Olives,' with its wondrous sublimity—all bear witness to the might there is in the theme of religion to raise and sustain the powers of genius in its noblest exercises." If we turn to poetry, the very heathen poets, dark and imperfect as their conceptions of the Deity were, came first to invoke the divine inspiration ere yet they began their song. Not only the bards of the Bible, but the bards of every age, have found in religion not only the grandest themes for the inspiration of their muse, but also a power to give wing to that inspiration, and develop it in the melody of immortal song. Milton, and Young, and Cowper, and Kirke White, and indeed the noblest bards of every age, received their inspiration from Him, who

"Unlocked
The gates of heaven, and to their mortal sight
Displayed celestial scenes."

The idea we have expressed above seems to be essentially that symbolized by the artist in our "Title-Page." High on the mountain of God's love stands the Cross—the grand symbol of our faith; from the depths of that mountain gushes up the river of the waters of life; just across that river, and partly veiled in mist, stands a heavenly visitor, directing the eye of the three virgins symbolizing Painting, Music, and Poetry, to the Cross as a theme not only possessing infinite claim to their service, but also able to inspire their sublimest and holiest success.

A PARLEY WITH OUR CONTRIBUTORS.—Yes, that is it precisely—"a parley"—thanks to Dr. Whedon for the suggestion. But our parley must be brief this month.

The first article—"Rev. Jacob Young"—is the avante courier of another autobiography of one of the pioneers of Methodism. The avidity with which such works are received and read, is the best possible evidence of the appreciation in which the toils of those old veterans are held by the thousands who have entered into their labors. We are glad the editorial supervision of the work has fallen into the hands of Dr. Thomson. "Charms" will charm the reader and interest him at the same time. The

lovers of poetry will find interest, not only in the dew-drops distilled from Parnassus, but in the articles on Dante and Elegiac Poetry. "The Two Clerks" and "The Intimate Friend" exhibit two phases of city life—and the truthfulness of the pictures they draw will at once be recognized. City life, at its best estate, has always appeared to us a sort of railroad race to eternity. "The Pioneer Cooking-Stove," all will admit, is a most timely production; we feel the glow of its heat while we write.

SUGGESTIONS TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We would again urge our correspondents to study the greatest possible brevity in the preparation of their communications. We have several poems possessing merit that would entitle them to consideration were it not for their great length. Especially must all "notes and queries," and whatever may be offered for any of the minor departments, have the good quality of brevity. We have a large number of excellent articles, both in prose and poetry, on hand. Their authors will please have a little patience with us.

SCRAPS FOR THE WARDROBE, ETC.—It is due to state that the editor will rely upon the ladies to supply this department. It will be made up from month to month, by one of their number every way competent to the task.

A WORD ABOUT OUR CIRCULATION.—We closed the last volume with nearly thirty-one thousand subscribers. The efforts of our brethren in its behalf were most cheering. Their wives, too—a thousand blessings upon them!—in many instances, gave noble aid. In still other instances, subscribers, whose long acquaintance had deepened into love, took the matter in hand most efficiently. Dear friends, may we still rely upon you? Were the Repository a pecuniary interest of our own, we might feel some delicacy about speaking as we do. But it is not. We have no more pecuniary interest in it than each one of the eight hundred thousand members of our Zion. It is the property of the Church. Not ours.

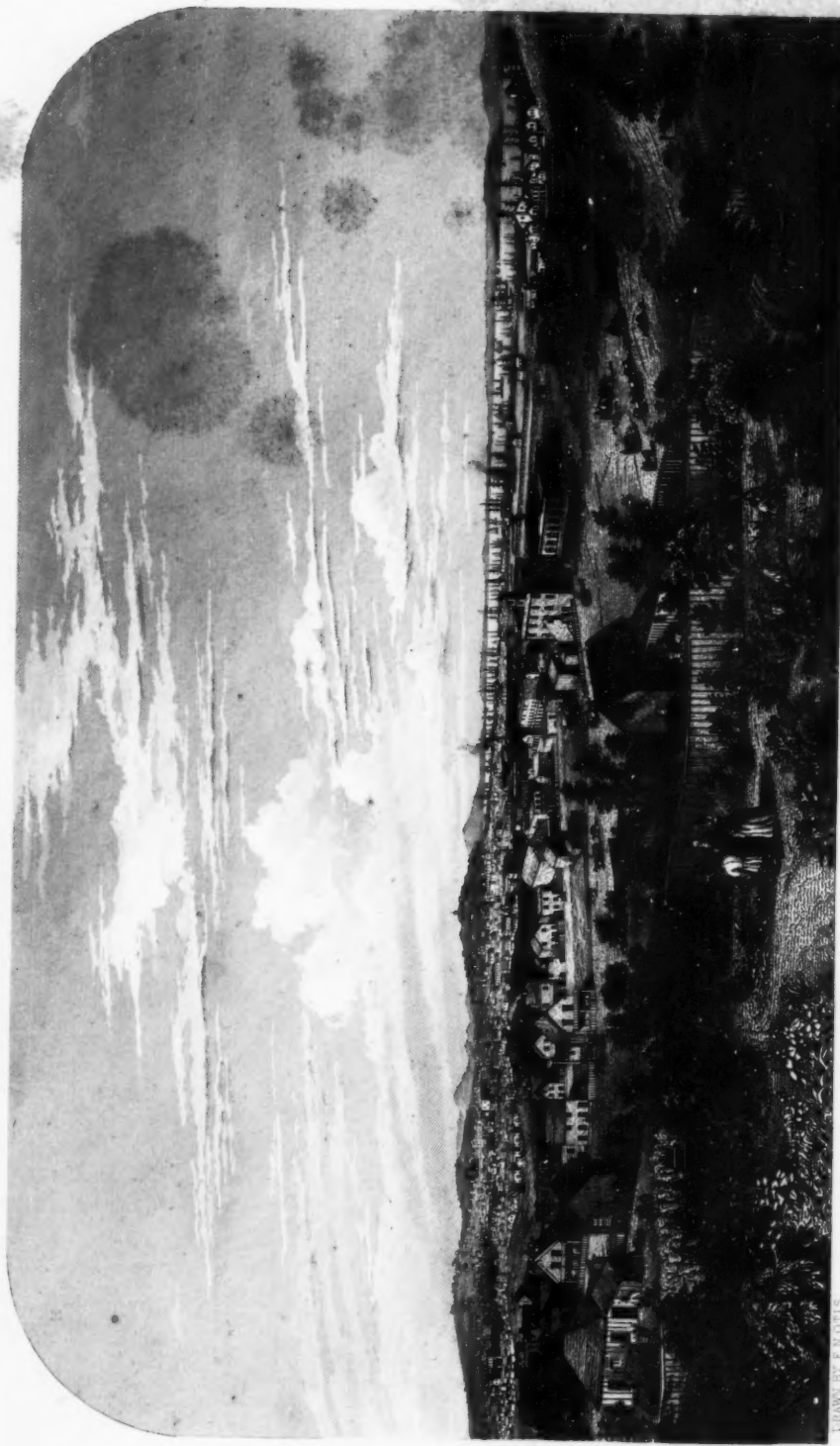
Are you a preacher? The labor of canvassing your charge is not great; it may be accomplished in a short time. If you can not attend to it yourself, you can easily employ those most efficient agents in a good cause—the ladies! Has the work been done? If not, will you do it? It is not too late. We trust when we come to compare your list with that of last year, we shall have occasion to send out, if it may not be by word, nor by letter, at least from the heart, our earnest thanks.

Are you a preacher's wife? Next to the preacher himself, we look to you. Access especially to the mere intelligent—the reading members of your society, is easy. With a circular and a copy of the work in hand, can you not employ a few hours to good effect? It is a ladies' periodical, designed to carry light and blessing into the domestic circle, to nurture the intellect and the heart. Surely, few can take a deeper interest in it than you.

Are you a Sunday school superintendent? Call the attention of your teachers and older scholars to it; as a source of mental recreation, as well as a stimulus and an aid to the development of mental and moral culture.

Are you a class-leader? Then you have an interest in the reading and mental habits of your members. Your suggestions will have great influence with them.

Are you a subscriber? Show a copy to your neighbor. Explain to him its character and objects. Assure him that not a dollar of profit accrues from it, but goes to benevolent purposes; and invite him also to make it a visitant to his family circle.



ENGRAVED BY W. W. SLEIGHT

SAN FRANCISCO (FROM RINCÓN POINT)

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